

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Gazette for Authors, Readers, and Publishers.

No. 48.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1848.

C. F. HOFFMAN, EDITOR.

Reviews.

A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language; to which are added Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, much enlarged and improved; and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names. By Joseph E. Worcester. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1847.

ANOTHER English Dictionary! To us desultory and piecemeal reviewers, who criticise small poems at leisure, and felicitate ourselves on having achieved a mighty task when we have looked up the historical authorities for a period of some dozen years, or furbished up our philology sufficiently to carry us through two hundred pages of notes in a school classic, it seems a most stupendous and not altogether to be conceived business this lexicography. That a single individual, "solitary and alone," should accomplish a dictionary, is one of those facts which we are forced to admit without being able to understand. Long must the want of such a work be felt, and great must be the demand for it, to evoke so stupendous a feat. How we hear all the teachers of foreign languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian—complain of the deficiencies in the standard dictionaries in their respective tongues! How the English classic-reading public, man and boy, suffered for a Greek Lexicon deserving the name, and how long they had to wait for it! And yet how many well-salaried, turbot-and-venison-fed Fellows were there with no want of learning and ability, and most surely no want of time for the task, yet none of them having energy enough even to translate Passow who was all ready at their hands. And when, at last, Scott and Liddell came to the rescue, there went up such a paean to them from school and university that we almost expected to see them knighted, and looked for a presentation of plate by magnificent subscription at least. This was a Greek Dictionary to be sure, but (apart from any question of comparative necessity) there are some reasons why an English Dictionary is a greater task than a Greek one. In the first place, the Greek tongue is fixed and finished, while the English is still subject to change and fluctuation. During the ten, fifteen, or twenty years that the projected dictionary is "on the stocks" some of those slightly modifying influences, which are always imperceptibly at work, may have begun to tell seriously. Again, most of the Greek derivations are from the language, and if any can be traced further back, the Greek lexicographer is not generally expected to trouble himself much about them, while the roots of English words are traced to and through a number of languages, none of which, except the Anglo-Saxon (considered as the mother-tongue), it is allowable to neglect. We might continue to dwell on the difficulties of orthography, orthoëpy, &c., some of which are harder to adjust in English than in any other language, but enough has been said to justify our assertion. It certainly says much for the diligence and energy of our philologists, that the country has already produced two such English Dictionaries as Worcester's and Webster's.

The very criticising a dictionary is no small matter; the most thorough and satisfactory critique would be the testimony of one who had used the work habitually. But this requires the experience of months, nay years; and what are the buyers of dictionaries to do meantime? Moreover, have not the publishers sent us a copy "with their respects," which is equivalent to "please notice as soon as you can?" We must, therefore, look at the work in such points of view as naturally present themselves to us on first taking up any new work of the kind, expecting that our remarks will be minute and sometimes not very closely connected, yet nothing alarmed, even though some of the new-fashioned scholars, who go entirely upon general principles, and scorn all attention to petty details, should tax us with having chosen this form for the sake of showing off our erudition. Indeed, we see not in what other manner a Dictionary just presented for inspection can be examined, except by turning to certain words or classes of words which one has been led to take notice of by peculiarities or deficiencies in other dictionaries; for the most patient German that ever collated authorities, could not be asked to sit down and read a dictionary straight through, noting *everything* peculiar that occurred in it. A dictionary does not generally involve any "great moral principles," nor do we look for elegance of style, or pathos, or humor in it. And indeed a criticism on one word will often let you some way into the character of such a book. For instance, we heard one gentleman ask another "How do you like Richardson?" "He has left out *apothecary*," was the answer. This was a very brief remark, but it conveyed considerable information; for it naturally and immediately suggested the inference that the writer who left out so common and well-established a word, had probably left out several others, and that, whatever merit in other respects his book might have, it would be chargeable with numerous sins of omission. This certainly is not the sin of our American Lexicographers. Their error has rather been the opposite: in their desire of securing the greatest amount of new words, they have admitted some which are neither improvements nor legitimate additions to the language. Thus Worcester has "Autopsic, Autopsical, seen with one's own eyes," on the authority of Dr. Francis. No Knickerbocker in the city loves the doctor better than ourselves; we would go many miles out of our way "*dextræ conjungere dextram*," but really we would pause before yet admitting into the English language a new word of his composition, particularly when we have an old one precisely synonymous.

But this is plunging into Mr. Worcester's book rather abruptly. Let us begin at the beginning. First, as to his qualifications and preparation for the work. The preface informs us that

"About twenty years since the Compiler edited 'Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd, and abridged by Chalmers, with Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary combined,' and while executing the task, he formed the plan of his small work, entitled, 'A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language;' but before completing this latter work, he was induced to undertake the labor of making the octavo abridgment of Dr. Webster's 'American Dictionary of the English Language.' These tasks of editing and abridging were performed in accordance with certain principles and rules laid down by the publishers of the former work and by the author of the latter; and as to the selection of words, their orthography, etymology, pronunciation, or definition, or as to any want of consistency of the two works with each other,

the editor and abridger had no responsibility, further than was implied by the rules prescribed for his guidance. After beginning the preparation of his 'Comprehensive Dictionary,' the Compiler adopted the practice of recording all the English words which he met with, used by respectable authors, and not found in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary. This practice was continued with a view to provide the means of improving the 'Comprehensive Dictionary.' But he found the words which were not registered in any dictionary more numerous than he anticipated [Qu? had anticipated?], and his collection having accumulated beyond his expectation, he at length formed the design of preparing a new and larger dictionary, which should contain as complete a vocabulary of the language as he should be able to make. The Dictionary of Johnson, as corrected and enlarged by Todd, and Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, have been made, in some degree, the basis of the present work, but the words found in these dictionaries have been revised with much labor and care, in relation to their orthography, pronunciation, etymology, definition, &c.; and a great part of them, especially such as relate to the arts and sciences, have been defined entirely anew. * * * * * With respect to Webster's Dictionary, which the Compiler several years since abridged, he is not aware of having taken a single word, or the definition of a word, from that work, in the preparation of this; but in relation to words of various or disputed pronunciation, Webster's authority is often cited in connexion with that of the English orthoëpists."

The introduction is copious, and divided into six parts or sections. The first, on the principles of pronunciation, is headed with a key, in which it seems to be Mr. W.'s object to give each vowel as many different sounds as possible. On this point we expressed our opinion very lately, and need now only repeat briefly, that we consider the attempt to distinguish and indicate very slight and doubtful changes of sound not merely useless, but positively hurtful—likely to mislead natives, and still more likely to mislead foreigners. What appreciable difference is there, for instance, between the sound of *i* in *logic*, and the ordinary short *i* in *pin*? Under the head of "Orthoëpy and Orthoëpists," Mr. W. asks the question, "Where is the standard of pronunciation to be sought?" and answers, "in the usage of London." But he afterwards thus qualifies the answer:

"Although it is not to be questioned that with respect to the many millions who speak the English language, the usage of London is entitled to far more weight than that of any other city, yet this is not the only thing to be observed. The usage of the best society in the place or district where one resides, is not to be disregarded. If our pronunciation is agreeable to the analogy of the language, and conformed to the practice of the best society with which we have intercourse, we may have no sufficient reason to change it, though it should deviate more or less from the existing usages of London."

We will furnish an illustration of our own. It is not customary in England to aspirate the *h* of the initial *wh* in *who*, *which*, &c. Indeed to a Londoner (with a North-Country-man the case is different), it is difficult and unnatural to sound the aspirate in these combinations. The Scotch, on the contrary, always sound the *h*, so that to an Englishman it is a Scotticism to give the aspirate in this case. But all our American population, except the negroes, have adopted this Scotticism; therefore, to an American, it is a negroism not to give the aspirate in this case. And as the American mode has nothing objectionable in itself, but on the contrary this recommendation, that it distinguish *which* from *wich*, *whale* from *wail*, &c., it would not be desirable to change it for the

English. The same rule will apply to various colloquial usages of words. Thus, the American's panegyric adjective-of-all-work is *fine*, the Englishman's *nice*. There is nothing more elegant or appropriate in the one word than in the other; if there is any choice, the latter with its pastry-cook and school-girl associations is not to be preferred.* While on the subject of pronunciation, it may be observed that the general (we were going to say universal) error in New England of throwing the accent too far forward, e. g. *legislative*, *conquest*, is a decided Scotticism.

In the second section, "On Orthography," the preference is given to the established spelling, *traveller*, &c., over the Websterian innovation, *traveler*. This question has already been discussed *pro* and *con* in our columns, and it is unnecessary to say anything more about it at present.† In a list of doubtful words, as well as in one of the prepositions with their regimen, in the next section, we think much too great liberality is shown. Who writes *Antilope*, or uses the expression, *independent on*?

In the third section, a neat outline of grammar, Mr. W. objects to the "strange and awkward neologism" of "*is being built*" for *is building*.

That part of the fifth section which treats of Americanisms is neither so correct nor so complete as could be wished. The only words enumerated as having an American sense different from the English one, are *baggage*, *balance*, *clever*, *cob*, *corn*, *creek*, *fall*, *lumber*, *merchant*, *quite*, *spell*, *stage*, *store*, and a few verbs. But there are others equally striking, such as *hack*, which is a carriage in America and a horse in England; and *waiter*, applied by us to the man-servant in a private family (*Anglicé footman*), in England only to the public servant at a hotel. It is not strictly correct to say that *fall*, for *Autumn*, is un-English. Though not very common in the mother-country, it is tolerably familiar and quite intelligible, else it could hardly enter into jests and puns.‡ Among the American collegiate terms not used in England, Mr. W. instances *freshman*, which will be a great piece of information to our contributors, Carl Benson and Frank Forrester, after the many interesting little notices like "The Freshmen on Mr. Frere's side will meet in No. 6," which they have seen posted in the lecture-room stairs of Trinity and Caius. This seems not an improper place for noting three Americanisms not generally mentioned by writers on the subject. The first two are very obvious, as they relate to common articles of dress. What we call *pantalons*, are, in orthodox English, *trousers*; our use of *pantaloon* is a Gallicism (*pantalon*): the English *pantaloen*, proper, is tight, and stops at the ankle. And the appendages which keep the trousers in their place, called by us *suspenders*, are always known in England as *braces*. The third instance is less obvious, but sufficiently marked. That portion

*Of course, all persons who desire to make their conversation interesting and spirited, will carefully eschew these stock epithets. They are only second in impropriety to the staple comparisons of the English "fast man," with whom a balloon goes up "like bricks," and it rains "like a house on fire."

† *Appropos* of innovations and deviations from general usage, there is one which we should much like to see adopted if possible. It is the insertion of *e* in such words as *abridgment*, *judgment*, which Todd maintained after Johnson had decided the other way. We do not see how, according to the genius of the language, *e* can be soft before a consonant; and moreover, the final *e* in *judge* and *abridge* is evidently appended to soften the *g*, as it does not affect the sound of the preceding vowel. Mr. Worcester intimates his hope "that the usage may yet be changed, and the more consistent orthography be generally adopted."

‡ For instance, in Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering:

"She fell into a ditch, springing over a wall,
Since that time, though a cat has small notion of seasons,
My Looney remembers the *spring* and the *fall*."

of time which a Frenchman expresses by *quinze jours*, is always spoken of by an Englishman as *a fortnight*, and almost always by an American as *two weeks*.

The main body of the work, which contains rather more than 800 pages, impresses us very favorably, and we might easily vindicate our impression by taking a few trial words and comparing them with those in some other dictionaries. But as "comparisons are odious," we will refrain from entering into any, and merely observe, that we think this dictionary a good book, and venture to predict for it a good sale.

Characteristics of Men of Genius. A Series of Biographical, Historical, and Critical Essays. Selected, by permission, chiefly from the North American Review. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. London: Chapman & Brothers.

THE North American Review has always maintained a high reputation in England as a representative of American literature, or at least that portion of it which best flourishes upon the soil of New England; and the appearance of these two volumes, which are prefaced by a well-written introduction from the London publishers, is a favorable proof of its popularity beyond the Atlantic.

The articles were selected, as Mr. Chapman tells us, with a view to their subserviency to one object, viz. that of portraying the Characteristics of Men of Genius; thus giving a unity of idea to the work, as far as may be compatible with the diverse styles of the respective authors. The Essays are separated into four groups, comprising under the head of Ecclesiastics, Gregory the Seventh, Ignatius Loyola, and Pascal; of Poets, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, and the modern German Poets; of Artists, Michael Angelo and Canova; and of Statesmen, Machiavelli, Louis IX., and Peter the Great. In order to make the series more complete, so as to embrace vivid glimpses (though evidently seen from different points of view) of the great master-spirit of modern song, the Essay upon Goethe and Shelley were taken from the Dial, as well as the article on Canova, contrasting the two eras of Italian art.

These volumes derive additional value from the individualities of the different minds which contributed to their formation; and while they equal in research and classic elegance of diction the writings of the modern British Essayists, they are, from this very variety, more attractive to the general reader. Completeness of design is of course impossible, where the contents must be drawn from a limited source; and, as the Editor remarks, the work "can only be considered as the smallest segment of that splendid circle, whose circumference is ever expanding." We think, however, that some approach to order in the classification of characters, would have pointed out the necessity of an Essay on the intellectual nature of Schiller, a very meagre glimpse of which is afforded in the article on "Modern German Poets." Canova, though the herald of a faint revival of the Arts in the country of Michael Angelo, is not the most favorable exemplification of the Artists of our own day. There is a rugged grandeur softened down, it is true, by the pure influence of the Grecian school, in the works of Thorwaldsen, which would have appeared in harmonious contrasts with the rude yet sublime conceptions of Buonarrotti.

The article upon Gregory the Seventh is written with much power, and embodies a clear

philosophical view of the vast influences by which the character of that eventful age was moulded. But we are more struck by the vivid word-painting of the Essay which follows it, in which we are shown, as by a succession of shifting pictures, the strange career of the Founder of the Jesuits. There is something of the strong, abrupt outline of Carlyle's pen, in the following passage:

THE AGE INTO WHICH LOYOLA WAS BORN.—It was in the year 1491, that the word spread from the ancestral castle up into the valleys of Guipuzcoa, that another son was born to the noble house of Ogner and Loyola. Already had Don Bertram seven sons and three daughters, before the birth of Ignatius, the last-born of the family. And what a world was that upon which his eyes first opened! In Germany, a little, fair-haired Martin Luther, eight years old, was gathering fagots with his mother in the woods of Mansfeld. In Florence, a polished, treacherous Lorenzo de Medici, worn out with gout and intrigue, was preparing to take to his death-bed, and sue without success to the haughty, unhappy monk, Savonarola, for absolution. In Rome, a Roderic Borgia, the incarnation of evil, was looking forward to the day when, as Alexander the Sixth, he should preside over the Christian Church. In Spain itself, the Moor was fighting his last battles, and breathing his last sigh; and Columbus was standing ready to prove with his life the truth of his bold speculations. Ignatius had not yet walked alone, or mastered his first word, before Grenada yielded, Lorenzo died, Columbus sailed, and the Holy College, guarded by armed men, chose the vilest churchman of Christendom as its supreme head.

Turning to the Poets, we are appropriately led to the contemplation of Dante's intellectual character, by Michael Angelo's sublime sonnet which precedes it. The Essayist shows a deep appreciation of the great mind, whose stern and mournful experience was the groundwork upon which arose his immortal poem. The clear, metaphysical analysis of the Divina Commedia is not surpassed by any portion of the volumes before us. In the following paragraph, a few expressive images give us at a glance the features of his genius:

STYLE OF DANTE.—One cannot fail to notice, on the most careless reading, the intensity of thought and feeling which pervades the whole poem. The images burn into one's heart; the woe wraps itself about the soul; yet the poet is not so great, not so terrible, as to be beyond our affections. He draws us to him by his exquisite tenderness, and by his tears makes us weep. A remarkable characteristic of Dante is his distinct delineation of character. Indeed, he does not seem to delineate, so much as to create. He speaks the word, and there stand the figures, every lineament sharp and clear, every hue and expression indelible. They are struck out as a medallion is, by one blow of the hammer.

From the highly interesting Essay upon the Life and Writings of Petrarch, we make the following quotations:

HOMAGE PAID TO PETRARCH BY AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.—While he was receiving his public examination at the court of King Robert of Naples, a schoolmaster of Pontremoli, blind and enfeebled by age, hastened to Naples in order to see him. Petrarch had already started for Rome, but the report of so extraordinary an occurrence spread rapidly through the city, and soon reached the ears of the king. It was natural that so great a lover of letters should be struck with this burst of enthusiasm, and after having received a confirmation of the story from the lips of the old man himself, he supplied him with some conveniences for his journey, and urged him to hasten towards Rome, where he might perhaps be in time to satisfy his curiosity. But here, also, the poor old man was too

late, for Petrarch had already started for France. He returned to Pontremoli almost broken-hearted with his disappointment, but had hardly reached home, when he was told that Petrarch, instead of returning to Avignon, had stopped at Parma. Not discouraged by his former disappointment he again set out to seek him, and crossing the Apennines through snow and cold, with no support but the arm of his son and of one of his scholars, he at length reached the house in which Petrarch was lodged. It would be impossible to describe the rapture with which he embraced him, listening with ecstasy to every word that he uttered, and alternately kissing the hand that had written, and the head that had composed such noble verses. After having passed three days in the enjoyment of his society, the old man returned home joyful and contented.

ENTHUSIASM OF PETRARCH FOR THE CLASSIC AUTHORS.—Petrarch engaged in this research with all the energies of his soul. He spared no expense in securing the assistance of others, for money was of no value to him when it could be exchanged for books. He employed professed copyists; he sent into different countries for particular works, not always, indeed, with the hope of finding them, but generally with the expectation of preserving some important manuscript. No friend was ever permitted to leave him for a tour, or for business, or even to return to his own country, without a charge to remember the wants of his collection, and particularly to search for the writings of Cicero. By his influence, many were induced to engage in the same pursuit; and whether co-operating with his views, or consulting more directly their private interest, they all contributed to the preservation and multiplying of classic authors. Nor was it by words and exhortations alone, that Petrarch animated his friends to this pursuit. His own activity in collecting and copying, was a bright example to his most zealous followers. During his various journeys, he kept constantly in view the discovery of his favorite manuscripts. During a journey to Rome, he discovered a part of the works of Quintilian, and in a letter from Flanders he complains that he could hardly find in the rich city of Liege, a little yellow ink to copy a few orations of Cicero. A manuscript of Virgil, of his copying, is still preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan: and in the Laurentian of Florence may be seen two beautiful copies of Cicero's Epistles, one of the Familiar Correspondence, the other of the Letters to Atticus,—both written by the same indefatigable hand.

The Essay on Shelley, though written within a year or two, and consequently since the re-dawning of his poetical fame, hardly awards to him the full share of enthusiastic appreciation which he has already received. The writer quotes the testimony of Moore, as given in his Life of Byron:

"Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellences of his heart and genius; and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream, false in the general principles upon which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of its details. Had full time been allowed for the over-light of his imagination to be tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it."

This, though creditable to the charity of the poet's heart, has proved untrue in its prophetic sense. While with the biographer and the reviewer, we lament the errors into which a rash, impatient spirit of philanthropy drove the mind of Shelley, we believe that his true character as a poet is acknowledged and ap-

preciated. Time never fails to set human judgment aright, with regard to the heroes of mankind.

Mr. Whipple's eloquent Review of Byron is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, as it has been often and highly commended on this side of the Atlantic. In connexion with the paper on Wordsworth, which we believe is also from his pen, it forms part of a series of Essays on the Modern Literature of England, of which we could have wished to find others in these volumes. The style of Mr. Whipple falls little short of equalling the polish and clear, brilliant imagery of Macaulay, whose school he has evidently studied.

The characters of Scott and Wordsworth are drawn with masterly correctness; the essay upon the latter, though less brilliantly written than the celebrated *critique* of Christopher North, contains a more genial appreciation of the great head of the "Lake School." While acknowledging the occasional puerility of his language, the writer declares that "in the faculty of awakening sentiments of grandeur, sublimity, beauty, affection, devotion, in the mind of the reader, by giving voice and soul to unintelligent, and often to inanimate things, and making them act upon the mind through the subtlest feelings of our nature, it would be difficult to find his parallel."

In the Review of Gervinus' National Poetical Literature of Germany, we think sufficient justice is not given to the old Minnesingers, who, while the Provençal troubadours were singing into existence a new age of Poetry in the south of Europe, filled the old Teutonic forests with the songs of chivalry and love.

The productions of these Minnesingers (*Love-singers*) are, in truth, somewhat effeminate. Grimm called their art womanish. It did not portray, it must be acknowledged, the great and manly qualities of that stirring age. Entirely subjective in its character, it expressed in a gentle words only the tender sentiments. It sang almost exclusively the delights and pains of love, the bloom of May and the desolateness of winter, the hopes of youth and the miseries of age, the promise of the future and the regrets of the past.

The passion of the troubadours is stronger and wilder, and has none of that German modesty, which presumes not even to mention the name of its beloved in song. Amid much that is frivolous, what is truly noble in them appears to greater advantage; and when their lays do breathe the spirit of faithful love, one is more convinced of its genuineness than in the Minnesongs of the North, where vows and oaths are too often repeated with conventional heartlessness.

Here the more fiery and volatile passion of the South is preferred to the depth and sincerity of the German character. The lays of the Minnesingers do not indeed glow with the same passionate warmth as the musical cadences of Provençal song; but there is a heartfelt earnestness, a purity and simplicity of feeling, expressed in the ruder rhymes, which does not comport with the charge of "conventional heartlessness." Witness the devotion of the noble ladies of the Emperor's court, who, weeping, bore the dead Frauenlob on his bier, and raised in his honor a magnificent cenotaph in the great Cathedral of Mayence.

In the Essay upon Michael Angelo, we find another exemplification of a lesson, which too many, who aspire to a master's fame in art or literature, forget to follow.

MICHAEL ANGELO A SCHOLAR THROUGH LIFE.—Michael Angelo dedicated himself, from his childhood to his death, to a toilsome observation of nature. The first anecdote recorded of

him shows him to be already on the right road. Granacci, a painter's apprentice, having lent him, when a boy, a print of St. Anthony beaten by devils, together with some colors and pencils, he went to the fish-market to observe the form and color of fins and of the eyes of fish. Cardinal Farnese one day found him, when an old man, walking alone in the Coliseum, and expressed his surprise at finding him solitary amidst the ruins; to which he replied, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." And one of the last drawings in his portfolio is a sublime hint of his own feeling: for it is a sketch of an old man with a long beard, in a go-cart, with an hour-glass before him; and the motto, *Ancora imparo*, "I still learn."

In viewing the immortal works of this great master, we are constantly led to remark how the grandeur of his conceptions, and the rough vigor of his execution, are tempered and spiritualized by the presence of the highest beauty. Never perfectly embodied, we see it in flashes, beaming through the strong, bold outlines of his figures, suggesting to us something loftier and more divine. The true mission of sculpture and painting, as well as of the highest forms of poetry, is the creation of Beauty; and Nature, in whose school Michael Angelo was a life-long student, is the first and best teacher.

In one of the letters of Schiller, he remarks that the author or artist who gives his soul to the worship of the Beautiful, will, in the end, attain all that is good and true; while he who hesitates, vibrating between his love of beauty and his fear of the moral prejudices of the mass, generally ends by ruining his reputation with both. The celebrated French maxim, *Rien de beau que le vrai*, is a more brief expression of the same truth. Canova's Observations on Art, recorded by Missirini, which are included in the Essay upon his genius, in the present work, give frequent utterance to this feeling, proving that he made it the guide to his aspirations after excellence. And the embodiment of beauty is the redeeming character of his works, often forcing us to praise what an affectation of sentiment would have condemned to censure. The following sentences are applicable, at the present time, in justification of the works of art which are being exhibited among us:—

DIVINITY OF ARTS.—The arts in themselves are divine; they are an emanation from the Supreme Beauty; they are one of the supports of Religion. If the artist has once fixed his mind on such great objects, I do not know how he can by his life disgrace this magnificent trust.

Besides, purity of heart, virginity of mind, have great influence on the artist, both as to dignity of conception, and means of execution. Artists paint themselves in their works. The courtesy, grace, benignity, disinterestedness, the enlarged and noble soul of Raphael, shine out marvellously in his works.

I think that the unveiled form, shown in purity, adorned with exquisite beauty, takes from us all mortal perturbations, and transports us to the primal state of blessed innocence; and still more that it comes to us as a thing spiritual, intellectual; exalting the mind to the contemplation of divine things, which, as they cannot be manifested to the senses in their spiritual being, only through the excellence of forms can be indicated, and kindle us by their eternal beauty, and draw us from the perishable things of earth.

From the fourth department, which contains Essays upon Machiavelli, Louis IX., and Peter the Great, we extract the following striking passages, exhibiting the Czar as ship-carpenter and builder of the Imperial City:—

PETER THE GREAT AS JOURNEYMAN.—One day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf,

a rich ship-builder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were old and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in the conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals, and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that in this thin disguise he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias; a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

AN IMPERIAL MAGICIAN.—Before the close of the year 1702, the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But, "*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette*;" in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia, and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition,—a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one,—but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva,—upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind,—having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the southwest wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours,—with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg,—was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu*? We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with

which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium.

Charcoal Sketches. By the late Joseph C. Neal. Burgess & Stringer.

PHILADELPHIA society has long been more or less noted for its humorists. The bon mots of Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Chapman, and others, have floated through the Union for a generation or so. The personal and literary biography of its most successful humorist has yet to be written. Meanwhile, the following brief account of the contents of the present volume, by the accomplished partner of the author, will, assuredly, have an interest so touching, with many, that no apology is needed for introducing it here:—

"In collecting this volume of Sketches, and presenting them to the public, I have fulfilled what has seemed to me a sacred duty—obeyed almost the latest wish of one now gone from among us. From the commencement of Mr. Neal's ill health, the preceding winter, he seemed to have a presentiment that his life was nearly ended; even when his friends hoped that his disease was completely subdued.

"Scarce three weeks before the day which so suddenly fulfilled these gloomy forebodings, I entered the room where he was employed in arranging some of these very papers. He looked up with a sad smile—'I suppose some one will give these to the world when I am gone,' said he.

"Shocked at the idea thus presented, I tried to rally him, and laughingly replied, 'If you are too busy to attend to the matter, let me do it for you.'

"'True, true,' he answered, still sadly; 'I had forgotten. You must be my editor; will you not, Alice? I shall not live to see them published.'

"I playfully made the promise, wondering what had so oppressed him, and little dreaming that I should so soon be called upon to fulfil it. Having now done so, to the best of my ability, I trust that those who so kindly welcomed former works from the same pen, will receive this with like favor.

"The fine vein of wit and good-humored sarcasm, which runs through the Charcoal Sketches, is too well known to need comment; but the profound philosophy, and genuine philanthropy, which these light and sparkling descriptions cover, are not recognised by all. It was the aim of Mr. Neal, not only to amuse, but also to instruct.

"There are other Sketches, which may perhaps be collected, should sufficient encouragement be given; for the present, this volume is respectfully tendered to the public, by the wife of its author. ALICE B. NEAL.

PHILADELPHIA, October 25, 1847."

Several of the papers in this collection are illustrated by Darley, Croome, and others, with much diversity of merit, and no little effect, so far as Croome's pencil is concerned. To Darley's rare talents, however, we have repeatedly borne testimony in the Literary World. As a vivid limner of the grotesque; a sketcher truly national and original in his humorous portraiture, his name, with that of Mount, stands at the head of this department of design. We know him, however, only through the engravings in wood, to which we find his name now so often attached in the illustrated pamphlets of the day. If we are not much mistaken, it was Neal's humorous publications in this form which first generally introduced him to the public.

Poor Neal! The country, not over rich in humorists, could but ill spare so genial an opponent to Cant; Cant, the great fee-faw-fum

giant of American Society and Letters. Like his New England namesake, of an earlier fame, the Pennsylvanian finds his favorite themes on American ground; and what Robert Sands was to New York, Neal, at a later day, was to Philadelphia. Each the humorous lover of the city where he wrote, delighted best to show up to the cockneys of either place the form and pressure of the society around them. The wit and fun of Sands indeed, like that of the Bostonian, Holmes, though born of a peculiar atmosphere, was often carried by the spirit of whim and quaint scholarship, to range far beyond it; and therefore he has never made the peculiar place for his name in American literature, which is so roundly filled by the Philadelphian.

We find many a droll scene in the volume before us, which we would gladly present to our readers at this jovial season; but the following sketch, our almanack, insists is more specially apposite than any other we could select:—

"THE MERRY CHRISTMAS AND THE HAPPY NEW YEAR OF MR. DUNN BROWN.—POOR Mr. Dunn Brown! Do you not, friend, pity any one who thus bears engraved upon his front the unerring signs of a sad and discontented spirit—you, we mean, all of you, who are gifted—if, as this world goes, it be a gift to feel acutely those sorrows which appertain rather to our neighbors than ourselves—who are afflicted, then, if you prefer it so, with philanthropy and tenderness of heart? Are you not disposed, when in the mood, and with time to spare for the purpose, to weep over the unknown sufferings of the rueful Mr. Dunn Brown, and to enter largely on the work of sympathization and of condolence, shaking him gently by the hand, with a tear or two in your eye, as you advise him to be of good cheer, and to 'get up and try it again?' We are sure it must be so.

"Yet we fear that all of this disinterested kindness of yours is a waste and a throwing away of benevolence. Mr. Dunn Brown is not to be comforted—Mr. Dunn Brown does not wish to be comforted—Mr. Dunn Brown regards himself as happier to be unhappy than all the rest of the world as it revels in felicity and runs riot in delight. Laugh who will—sing who may—dance whoever has the agility—Dunn Brown has more of pleasure, according to his ideas of pleasure, in these doleful groanings of his than is to be conceived of by any of the inferior nature. For, as he thinks, they, poor creatures, 'don't know any better.' But he—Mr. Dunn Brown—will not enjoy delight upon such terms as these—he knows a great deal better—ask him and he will tell you so—and therefore, on a principle, makes the worst of things, and exults sulkily in his superior wisdom with a smile of scornfulness and contempt for those triflers in the sunbeam who are so weak as to be content and merry. Dunn Brown is not to be caught in the perpetration of such a silliness, but growl he does, and grumble in all the exasperation of a splenetic spirit—the great, the wise, the profound Mr. Dunn Brown—who is there that has been, can be, or will be, to compare with Mr. Dunn Brown?

"True, Mr. Dunn Brown, with his keen perception of values, wishes misanthropically, both night and morning, that he never had been born, regarding it as the greatest misfortune that ever happened to him, to have made an appearance on this sublunary sphere of trouble and disquietude; but, for all that, Mr. Dunn Brown is as firm as he can be in the faith that it would have been a disaster to the world itself, if the age we live in had not been enlightened by his example, and by the comments on it which were only to be imagined and uttered by a man like him—if, indeed, there could by possibility have been another man like him contemporaneous with Mr. Dunn Brown—who firmly believes that, however it may be with others, he stands alone,

without a parallel—only one Dunn Brown—the rest are verdant in their tinge and coloring. He—the only—is not to be deceived by the toys and sugar-plums of existence, into a belief that there is anything worth living for—he sees, he knows, he comprehends; and he scorns the superficial gilding which makes others happy in their tinselled gingerbread.

When Dunn Brown rises in the morning, he rails at the day which calls him to another succession of plagues and perplexities, in causing ends to meet, and in providing for the demands of business. When Mr. Dunn Brown goes to bed at night, Mr. Dunn Brown is at least half inclined to the opinion, that if it were not for the loss that would thus be sustained by society, it would be an economy if he were never to wake again—a saving in the way of tears and a retrenchment in the matter of misanthropic reflection. You should see Mr. Dunn Brown as he makes his forlorn appearance at the breakfast-table, and imbibes his nutriment—how he complains, how he argues against the soundness of every proposition that may be broached; objecting to the coffee, impugning the cakes, and placing the seal of his reprobation on the savory sausage; croaking and eating until the argument and the appetite are both exhausted, and his hunger and his querulousness are satisfied and silenced. Do see Mr. Dunn Brown at his breakfast, in preference to a visit to the menagerie. Should the process be converted into an exhibition, it would be cheap at twenty-five cents, only to acquire a knowledge of the ferocious capabilities of Mr. Dunn Brown.

“And now, a merry Christmas to you, Mr. Dunn Brown.”

“Merry stuff—merry nonsense—merry fiddlesticks!” responds Mr. Dunn Brown—“pretty merriment, indeed, to be compelled to empty your pockets, whether you want to or not, to give things to people who don’t care a button about you, after they have obtained what they want, with their merry Christmas, and all that—and that’s not the worst of it either, for you must bother your brains for a week, thinking what you shall give them, and then not hit upon the right thing after all—all sorts of things, too, that are useless—fine books to those that never read, with precious curiosities that only serve to lumber up all the dark closets. Now, I’ll leave it to any man, any woman—yes, and any child, I will, whether it is not the first requisite of a Christmas-box, that it should not be available for any purpose—too fine to touch—too frail to be employed. The whole house is cluttered up with Christmas-boxes; and all the children are either crying over their broken toys, or are very sick with surfeits of pie or candy. D’ye call that merry Christmas, I’d like to know?”

“Oh, yes—merry Christmas,” to be sure—and what does that mean? Yes—what does that mean when you take your dictionary and translate it into plain language? Why, a half-dollar at least, if it does not come to a great deal more than fifty cents. You want to be merry at my expense, do you, Mr. Merry Christmas?—Well, when I’m sent to the legislature, I’ll have a law passed against all such merriments, I will. Every man shall shake his own hand, and everybody buy his own Christmas-box—that’s my notion, and that’s the way I’d box ‘em all round, and see who’d be merry then.”

“A happy New-Year, Mr. Dunn Brown—I wish you a very happy New-Year.”

“A happy New-Year!” cries Mr. Dunn Brown; “I wish you would tell me where I’m to find the happiness of the New-Year, when all the world comes pecking at me with their bills, as if a man had nothing else to do but to pay money—everything going out and not a farthing coming in—tailors’ boys, bootmakers’ boys—all sorts of boys, bill in one hand and t’other hand extended for the cash, pulling at the bell, too, as if it was the greatest sport in the world to prevent a man from having one moment of peace and happiness. And this is your New-Year—your happy New-Year! The old year was bad enough; but each of your New-Years is

a great deal worse than any that went before. I can say for one, that I never want to see a New-Year again as long as I live; for no sooner is the old year fixed off comfortably, than in comes another to disturb the whole arrangement.”

“It will thus be seen that Mr. Dunn Brown is ever to be found in that melancholy measure which is familiarly known to the rest of the world as ‘a peck of troubles;’ and that whatever may chance to occur, it is certain to give rise to a discourse somewhat of the funeral order. To all anniversaries he has an especial aversion, and nothing moves his wrath more effectively than to speak of the celebration of a birthday—his own, or that of any other person.”

“Your birthday, Mr. Dunn Brown—is it not? How old, Mr. Dunn Brown?”

“How old?—why not, O world!—why not, in this matter, change and transmute your phraseology? How old!—is it agreeable thus to be reminded of the course of time and of the progress of decay, by your ‘how old?’ Would it not be as easy to say, ‘How young are you now,’ instead of thus continually reminding people that their span on earth is marching rapidly to its close?”

“And here it is again!” exclaims Mr. Dunn Brown. “Why could not our lives have been begun at the other end, so that we might be growing younger every day, instead of dwindling into wrinkles and grey hairs?—then they would say ‘fifty years young,’ instead of ‘fifty years old,’ which would be vastly more agreeable—‘getting young fast’—wouldn’t that be nice? But to rejoice over birthdays, the way they have them now, it’s the silliest thing I ever heard of. Nobody sees me making a fuss about my birthday, any more than I do about your merry Christmas and your happy New-Year. No—I keep just as quiet about it as ever I can—sorter dodge round it, and try to make myself forget that there ever was such a thing as a birthday, instead of ciphering over it as some people do, as if there were a pleasure in counting how much is gone and how little remains.”

“It will, therefore, be perceived that Mr. Dunn Brown is a species of philosopher—sad and sombre—as we find it usually the case with your incipient philosopher, who, in the first stages of his advancement, cries aloud that all is barren. But Dunn Brown advances no further than grumbletonianism; and we fear that there he will remain, Dunn Brown, convinced that man, legitimately, is never properly employed unless he is engaged in the useful operation of shedding tears of vain regret and finding fault with that which is to be regarded as the irremediable, not knowing that there is something beyond this which enables humanity to make the best of its position and to be happy with the circumstances which surround it.

“But still, Dunn Brown has that negative happiness which consists in pluming himself upon his superior sagacity in the pleasant labor of the discovering of miseries and the preparation of torments, while he likewise gathers com-

* Many a forlorn elderly “man about town” will agree with Mr. Dunn Brown in this sentiment. Poor Tom Troutette of Suffolk, Long Island, who, in the latter years of his life, always eat his Christmas Turkey at Sam Carman’s with a few friends; and whose taste in poetry was formed long before the Muses were compelled to sign the Temperance Pledge, used to give wonderful effect to the wild and fevered melancholy that breaks through the following little anniversary song which he had picked up somewhere, and set to a half reckless, ha’f dirge-like air of his own.

Fill the bowl to the brim—to the year that is told,
Let us drink while our memory’s true.
Let us fill, for the last, to the joys of the old
Ere we toast the delights of the new.

Then here’s to the loves that have stolen away;
Here’s to the friendships that faded before;
Here’s to each hope that once cast a ray
In the cup that we drain to the days that are o’er.

Again, again, till it foam o’er the brim—
A bumper each let us roundly fill,
While we drink, with a sigh for eyes now dim,
Gaily to eyes that sparkle still.

And if a regret should steal out through our mirth
For looks that beam at the board no more,
Warm wine shall hallow the thought in its birth
As we drain the bowl to the days that are o’er.

fort in the habit of despising those who are foolish enough not to engage in the cultivation of sorrow, which with Dunn Brown may be regarded as a species of wholesale manufacture.

“Any man”—it is Dunn Brown’s decided conviction, which he carries out practically—“any man—a live man, who is not decidedly miserable all the time he is alive, must be a goose—there’s no alternative. I’m thankful I’m not a goose, but a sensible, thinking individual, and, of course, just about as miserable a man as you could wish to see, especially about the New-Year, when the silly ones keep up such a firing of guns, as if they could drive off the charges of creditors by the discharges of blank-cartridge—a thing not to be did. But I do wish that a man could somehow or other contrive to run away from himself as easily as he can run away from other people. If anybody will find out how to do that, he shall be remembered in my will, if there happens to be anything over, which, from present appearances, isn’t very likely.”

“And so Mr. Dunn Brown sits down in his ‘old armchair,’ to rail at the world and to congratulate himself upon his own wretchedness, until he is shrivelled away to a mere anatomy, unhappy Dunn and melancholy Brown! One of his children is to be educated as a sexton, while the other is to walk abroad in the shadowy guise of an undertaker, as Dunn Brown himself saunters through creation as its mourner-in-chief, by constitution and by preference. Should he be smitten by the love of military renown, the regiment he belongs to must parade and muster as ‘the Blues’—no other color will serve—no other color can prevail where he is present; and should too much of mirthfulness pervade your vicinity, ask Mr. Dunn Brown to step in now and then, and our life on it, there will soon be a sufficient infusion of gall and bitterness, of misanthropy and discontent, to qualify the whole matter to suit the most lugubrious fancy. Dunn Brown is a perpetual *memento mori*—an everlasting remembrancer of the insecurity of all human happiness; and we’d like to see any of you venture upon a laugh or try the experiment of a joke in his awful presence. Next to the obituary notices in the journals, one of Dunn Brown’s greatest enjoyments in life is in the perusal of the bulletin-boards of the newspaper-offices, when they recount the latest steamboat disaster, or the most recent catastrophe upon a railroad. Depend upon it, that he will meet you on the wharf, or greet you at the depot, with all the most comfortable particulars of the peril you are about to encounter. In this respect Dunn Brown is careful that you should have none of that species of bliss which is the offspring of ignorance; and should you thus serve to furnish an item of ‘appalling intelligence,’ you will be pleased to remember, as the boiler bursts, that you would rush upon your fate in defiance of the friendly cautions of your careful friend, the immortal Dunn Brown, who knew well how it would be, and who did not hesitate to tell you so. Perhaps the thought may prove a source of comfort in your sufferings. At all events, ‘twas not the fault of Mr. Dunn Brown. Was it now?”

PORTABLE SHOP: CANTON.—We had not, however, far to go without having occasion to use the pencil of memory; for, at the distance of a very few yards from the landing-place, an object certainly worthy of record presented itself. This was a portable barber’s shop, consisting of a stool, which was fitted up with drawers to contain all the necessary instruments of his vocation, and at the same time served for a seat, and a small chafing-dish, upon which was placed a small vessel containing water. This simple apparatus was readily transported from place to place by being slung upon a bamboo, the stool at the one end balancing the chafing-dish at the other. As soon as a customer was perceived, the stool was immediately set down, no matter where the situation might be, and there, in the open street, the operation was expeditiously performed, and the shop again in motion.—*Hutton’s Five Years in the East.*

GOETHE'S CLAVIGO.

[Concluded.]

THIRD ACT.

Guilbert's Dwelling.

SOPHIE, GUILBERT, MARIE, BEAUMARCHAIS.

MARIE. You have seen him? I tremble in every limb! You have seen him? I nearly fainted, when I heard him come; and you have seen him? No, I can, I will, no, never will I see him again.

SOPHIE. My heart beat fast when he entered, for ah! do I not love him, as you do, with the purest, sisterly affection? Has not his absence grieved and tortured me?—and now, his return, his repentance at my feet!—Sister, there is some witchcraft in his eyes, in the sound of his voice. He—

MARIE. Never, never more!

SOPHIE. He is not changed; the same kind open heart, the same warm feelings; even the same ardent wish to be loved, and the same anguish when I refused his affection. All! All! Of you he spoke, Marie! as in the happy days of old; it seems as if your good angel had prompted this interval of estrangement to interrupt the wearisome monotony of a long acquaintance;—to give new life to the feeling.

MARIE. Do you intercede for him?

SOPHIE. No, Sister, nor did I promise him to do so. Only, dearest, I look upon things as they are. You and our brother view them in too romantic a light. It has happened to you, as to many others, whose lovers are fickle, and desert them; but his repenting, and wishing to amend his faults, and renew his hopes, is a piece of good fortune, such as few would thrust aside.

MARIE. My heart would break.

SOPHIE. I believe you; the first moment must agitate you—but then, dearest, do not fancy this distress, this anxiety, that almost overpowers you, is caused solely by aversion. Your heart speaks for him, more than you imagine; you dare not see him, because you so earnestly desire his return.

MARIE. Be merciful.

SOPHIE. You will be happy. If I thought you despised him, that you were indifferent to him, I would not speak another word; I would not see him again. Not so, love—you will thank me, that I have helped you to conquer this timid irresolution, which is only a sign of the most earnest love.

THE SAME, GUILBERT, BUENCO.

SOPHIE. Come, Buenco! Come, Guilbert! Help me to encourage this child, to inspire her with resolution, for now it is necessary.

BUENCO. Would that I dared to say, do not receive him.

SOPHIE. Buenco!

BUENCO. My heart rebels at the thought: shall he obtain this angel, whom he has so shamefully insulted—whom he has brought almost to the grave?—obtain!—wherefore? By what means does he restore what he has destroyed? Because it pleases him to return and say, "Now I will have her." As if this rare creature were an article of doubtful value, which he could throw back into the merchant's hands, if, after running up and down, he met with a better bargain. No, he shall not get my voice, even if Marie's heart speaks for him. Return, and why does he now return?—Now? He waits till the brave brother comes, whose vengeance he fears; then like a school-boy, he runs to beg for pardon! Pah! he is as cowardly as he is contemptible!

GUILBERT. You speak like a Spaniard, but like one who does not know his countrymen. You are all unconscious of the great danger we are in at this moment.

MARIE. Dearest Guilbert!

GUILBERT. I know the daring spirit of our brother; I have beheld in silence his heroic courage; I wish that all may end well, that Marie could resolve to give Clavigo her hand, since (smiling)—he still has her heart.

MARIE. You are cruel.

SOPHIE. Hear him, I entreat you, hear him. GUILBERT. Your brother has extorted from him a declaration which will justify you in the eyes of the world, but will be our destruction.

BUENCO. How so?

MARIE. Oh God!

GUILBERT. He gave this written declaration in the hope of softening you. Should it fail, he must then exert all his power to disavow the paper; he can, he will do so. Your brother intends immediately on his return from Aranjuez to print and circulate it. If you persist in your refusal, I fear he may never return.

SOPHIE. Dear Guilbert!

MARIE. I am faint!

GUILBERT. Clavigo can never allow this paper to appear. Refuse his offer, and as a man of honor, he will meet your brother; one or the other must perish; whether he conquer or die, your brother is alike ruined. A foreigner!—the murderer of a favorite courtier! Sister, it is well to think and feel nobly, but to ruin one's whole family—

MARIE. Advise me, Sophie, help me!

GUILBERT. Can you deny this, Buenco?

BUENCO. He dare not do it! He fears for his life; else he would not have written it, nor have offered his hand to Marie.

GUILBERT. So much the worse; then will he find hundreds to aid him; hundreds, villains enough to take our brother's life. What! Buenco, are you such a novice? A courtier without assassins in pay!

BUENCO. But the King is just and powerful.

GUILBERT. Away, then. Force your way through the walls that surround him, the guards, the ceremonial, the barriers his courtiers have interposed between him and his people; penetrate through all these, and save us! Who comes?

CLAVIGO (enters).

CLAVIGO. I must! I will see her!

(MARIE shrieks, and falls into Sophie's arms.)

SOPHIE. Barbarian! in what a situation have you thrown us! (Guilbert and Buenco go to her.)

CLAVIGO. Yes, it is she! It is she! and I am Clavigo—. Listen to me, dearest, though thou dost turn from me. At the time Guilbert, with so much kindness, received me, a poor insignificant youth, was it a merit to feel an irrepressible love for thee? Was it not rather a secret sympathy, an innate consciousness, that thou wert not indifferent, that I might hope in time to possess thy whole heart? And now, am I not the same? Why may I not hope? Why may I not implore? Had'st thou a friend, a lover gone on a dangerous voyage, whom thou had'st long looked upon as lost; should he, rescued from all his perils, unexpectedly return and throw himself at thy feet, would'st thou not take him to thy heart again? And have I not been struggling on the stormy sea of time? Are not the passions, which make our life a perpetual conflict, more fearful, more unconquerable, than the waves that bore the unhappy man far from his home? Marie! Marie! How can'st thou hate one who has never ceased to love thee? Amid the intoxication, the allurements of vanity and pride, I have ever remembered those blissful days, passed in happy bondage at thy feet—when only bright hopes, only brilliant prospects opened in succession before us. And now, why shall they not be realized? Will't thou not now enjoy the happiness of life, because for a time its horizon has been clouded? No, my love, believe me, the greatest joys are not unalloyed; the highest delights are broken in upon by our passions or our destiny. Should we complain because our lot has not been more fortunate than that of others? Shall we not do wrong to slight this opportunity of bringing back the past, of restoring peace to a distracted family; of rewarding the heroic deed of a noble brother, and of insuring our own happiness for ever? My friends, I dare to call you so, for you are the friends of virtue, to whose paths I re-

turn, unite your entreaties to mine. Marie! (throws himself at her feet) Marie! Dost thou no longer know my voice? Can thy heart no longer answer to mine? Marie! Marie!

MARIE. Oh, Clavigo!

CLAVIGO (springs up, and covers her hand with the most passionate kisses). She forgives me, she loves me! (embraces Guilbert and Buenco.) She loves me still! Oh Marie, my heart told me that I might throw myself at thy feet, and let my silent tears show my grief, my repentance; that without words, thou would'st understand me, and in thy silence, I could read my forgiveness. No, our hearts are not separated; no, they still respond, as in those days, when one glance bespoke the other's sympathy. Marie! Marie! Marie!

BEAUMARCHAIS (enters).

BEAUMARCHAIS. Ha!

CLAVIGO (rushing to him). My brother!

BEAUMARCHAIS. Do you forgive him?

MARIE. Leave me! Leave me! My mind wanders.

(They lead her out.)

BEAUMARCHAIS. Has she forgiven him?

BUENCO. So it seems.

BEAUMARCHAIS. You are not worthy of your happiness.

CLAVIGO. Believe me, I am conscious of it.

SOPHIE (returns). She forgives him. A flood of tears burst from her eyes. "He must withdraw, till I recover myself," said she, sobbing! "I forgive him. Ah, Sister," she exclaimed, as she fell upon my neck, "why is he so certain that I love him?"

CLAVIGO (kissing her hand). I am the happiest of men, my brother!

BEAUMARCHAIS (embracing him). With my whole heart, then, though I cannot yet cordially love you. But as you are now of our family, let all be forgotten! Here is the paper you gave me (takes it from his pocket, tears it, and gives it to him).

CLAVIGO. I am yours, ever yours.

SOPHIE. I entreat you, leave us, that not hearing your voice, she may become composed.

CLAVIGO (throws his arms around her). Farewell, farewell; a thousand kisses to the angel. (Exit.)

BEAUMARCHAIS. It may all be for the best, but I wish it had ended differently (smiling). Is there anything more forgiving than a woman? But, my friends, I must acknowledge that it was the wish and hope of our ambassador, that Marie should forgive him, and that a happy marriage should put an end to this vexatious affair.

GUILBERT. It will be a satisfaction to me also.

BUENCO. He is your brother-in-law, and so adieu! You will never again see me here.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Sir!

GUILBERT. Buenco!

BUENCO. I shall hate him till the day of judgment, and I warn you to beware of such a man. (Exit.)

GUILBERT. He is an unhappy foreboder, whose fears time will pacify, when he sees all going right.

BEAUMARCHAIS. It was rash to give him back the paper.

GUILBERT. Peace! peace! Do not be capricious! (Exit.)

FOURTH ACT.

Clavigo's Dwelling.

CARLOS (alone).

CARLOS. It is considered right, when a man, by his extravagance or other follies, shows that he has lost his senses, to place a guard over him. Shall the public, who do not, in general, trouble themselves much about us, act thus? And should one be less careful of one's friends? Clavigo, you are in a sad plight! Still I have hope! Though only half as tractable as before, there is yet time to prevent your committing a folly, that, from the great susceptibility of your character,

would make your life miserable, and lay you in an early grave. He comes.

Enter CLAVIGO.

CLAVIGO (*thoughtfully*). How are you, Carlos?

CARLOS. A very sad, mournful salutation! Do you come from your bride in such a humor?

CLAVIGO. She is an angel! They are excellent people!

CARLOS. You'll not hurry on the wedding so, that one can't get a suit embroidered for it?

CLAVIGO. Neither in jest nor earnest need embroidered suits be paraded at our wedding.

CARLOS. So I suppose.

CLAVIGO. The certainty of our own happiness and kindly feelings will sufficiently embellish this ceremony.

CARLOS. You wish to have a small private wedding?

CLAVIGO. As those who feel their happiness depends only on each other.

CARLOS. It is best, under present circumstances.

CLAVIGO. Circumstances! what do you mean by circumstances?

CARLOS. The state of the affair, its position, its aspect.

CLAVIGO. Hear me, Carlos. I cannot endure this tone of reserve from a friend. I know that you are not in favor of this marriage; still, if you have anything to say against it, and will say it, let me hear it at once. How does the affair stand? How is it being conducted?

CARLOS. Certainly stranger things have come to pass, and it perhaps were a pity that all should follow in the same track. We should have nothing to wonder at, nothing to put our heads together about, nothing to sneer at in society.

CLAVIGO. It *will* make a noise.

CARLOS. Clavigo's marriage!—to be sure. How many maidens in Madrid have waited for you, placed their hopes on you, and now to play them such a trick!

CLAVIGO. Is that so?

CARLOS. To a remarkable degree. I have known few men who made so great and universal an impression upon women. In all ranks there are good little girls, busy with hopes and schemes to get possession of you. One counts upon her beauty, others their rank, wit, or connexions. I am overwhelmed with compliments on *your* account; unless my turned-up nose, my curly head, and my avowed contempt for woman be the attractions.

CLAVIGO. You are jesting, Carlos.

CARLOS. Have I not received offers, proposals written in a truly feminine scribbling little hand, and as unorthographical as only a young lady's love-letter can be? How many a handsome Duenna has in consequence fallen in my way!

CLAVIGO. And you told me nothing of this? CARLOS. Because I did not wish to trouble you with idle fancies, and never suspected you were in earnest elsewhere. Oh, Clavigo! I have your interest as much at heart as my own! I have no friend but you; men in general are insufferable to me, and you are fast becoming so.

CLAVIGO. Be calm, I beg of you.

CARLOS. Burn down the house a man has been ten years in building, and then send him a father-confessor to enjoin Christian patience. One should only be interested in one's self; mankind is not worth —

CLAVIGO. Are your morbid fancies returning?

CARLOS. And if so, whose fault is it but yours? I said to myself: What will be the most advantageous marriage for him? for *him* who has risen high enough for an ordinary man; but with *his* mind, *his* talents, it is out of the question—it is impossible he should remain what he is.—I laid my plans. Few minds have at the same time such enterprise and flexibility, such application and genius. He is fitted for any department; as Master of the Rolls, he can quickly acquire the most important knowledge; he will make himself necessary, and when there is a change, will be made Minister.

CLAVIGO. I understand you; these were my dreams, too.

CARLOS. Dreams! As certainly as I can climb that steeple, if I attempt it, with the firm resolution not to give up till it is accomplished, so certainly could you have overcome all difficulties. Once Minister, *then* should I have felt no anxiety for the future. You do not belong to a rich family, so much the better; it would have urged you to greater exertion, to strengthen your position. And a collector of taxes who does not enrich himself is a simpleton. I do not see why the country should not pay tribute to the Minister as well as the King; the one gives his name, the other his energies. When I had arranged all this, then I looked after a good *partie* for you. I found many proud families willing to shut their eyes to your origin, and pay the expenses of your rank, only to be allowed a share in the magnificence of the Vice-King—and now.

CLAVIGO. You are unjust, you undervalue my present position. Do you suppose that I will not rise higher, will not make greater efforts?

CARLOS. My dear friend, cut down a plant, it may grow again, and put forth numberless shoots; in time, perhaps, become a thrifty tree, but the proud, king-like growth of its first strength is gone. Do not suppose this marriage will be regarded with indifference at Court. Do you forget who dissuaded you from your engagement to Marie? Who made the prudent suggestion to break it off? Shall I count them over on my fingers?

CLAVIGO. I have already thought, with sorrow, how few would approve of this step.

CARLOS. Not one! And will it not offend your great friends, that, without asking or caring for their advice, you have thrown yourself away, as a foolish boy at a fair throws away his money on worm-eaten nuts?

CLAVIGO. That is uncivil, Carlos, and exaggerated.

CARLOS. Not at all. There is some excuse, if a man play a mad prank in the heat of passion. Let him marry a chambermaid, because she is as beautiful as an angel! The world will blame, but envy him.

CLAVIGO. The world, always the world!

CARLOS. You know I do not care for other applause, for it is an acknowledged truth, that he who does nothing for others, does nothing for himself, and if the world neither admires nor envies you, you certainly are not happy.

CLAVIGO. The world judges only by appearances. Oh! the possessor of Marie's heart is indeed to be envied!

CARLOS. In general, things are as they appear. And certainly those must be hidden qualities, that make your happiness enviable, for as far as we mortals can see and judge —

CLAVIGO. You will ruin me.

CARLOS. How has it happened? will be asked in the city. How has it happened? will be asked at Court. In God's name, how has it happened? She is poor, without rank; if Clavigo had not paid his devoirs to her, we should not have known of her existence. She may be pretty, agreeable, and witty!—Who takes a wife for that? It vanishes with the honey-moon. Ah! says one, she must be beautiful, charming, excessively handsome.—That explains it, says another —

CLAVIGO. (*Looks embarrassed, and sighs deeply.*) Ah!

CARLOS. Handsome! It may be so! says one. I have not seen her in six years. She must be somewhat altered in that time, exclaims a second. Be on the look out, cries a third, he will soon present her. They inquire, pry, go into society, and look with impatience for his entrance, remembering the haughty Clavigo, who never appeared in public, without leading in, in triumph, some magnificent Spanish Donna, whose proud carriage, glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes seemed to ask of all beholders: Am I not worthy of my companion? while the careless sweep of her long silken train added dignity and grace to every movement. Now, my

lord enters, and all eyes are turned towards him—enters with his tripping, hollow-eyed, little Frenchwoman, consumption plainly written on every feature, though both red and white seek to conceal the death-like pallor of her cheeks. Oh, brother, it will drive me mad; I shall fly, when people seize hold of me, to ask, to question, and cannot understand —

CLAVIGO. (*Taking his hand.*) My friend, my brother, what a horrible position I am in! I must own it frightened me, when I saw Marie again! How altered she is—how pale—how wasted away! And mine the crime, *my* treachery the cause!

CARLOS. Pooh! Nonsense! She had consumption before your attentions began. I told you so a thousand times, and — But you lovers have no eyes. It is absurd, Clavigo! to give up, to forget everything, and for a sickly wife, whose children, inheriting her constitution, will in a few years let your name expire like a beggar's lamp. A man, who might be the founder of a family, that perhaps hereafter — It distracts me.

CLAVIGO. Carlos, how shall I confess it? When we met again, in the first moment of delight, my heart flew to meet hers—but alas!—when that was over, I felt compassion—the deepest pity; but love—ah! it was as if, in the hour of rapture, the icy hand of death had rested on my shoulder. I strove to be gay; at least, before them, to appear happy; but in vain, all was forced and unnatural. Had they been less excited, they would certainly have seen it.

CARLOS. The devil! and you will marry her?

(CLAVIGO stands lost in thought, without answering.)

CARLOS. You are lost! gone for ever! Farewell, brother, leave me to deplore through the rest of my solitary life, the consequences of your infatuation. Ha! all! to make yourself contemptible in the eyes of the world, and not even to gratify a passion or a desire! but wilfully to bring upon yourself a malady, that undermines your constitution, and is revolting to others.

CLAVIGO. Carlos! Carlos!

CARLOS. Oh that you had never risen, or never fallen! How will it appear? A brave fellow the brother must be! they will say, to have intimidated him; he has not offered him the least resistance. Ha! exclaim the pages, one can see that he is not a gentleman. Pah! cries another, pulling his hat over his eyes, and patting himself significantly on the breast, the Frenchman should have come to me. And this from a fellow, who perhaps is not fit to be your groom.

CLAVIGO (*falls on Carlos's neck in a fit of passionate grief*). Save me, my friend! My best friend, save me! From a two-fold perjury, from eternal infamy, from myself—I am lost!

CARLOS. Poor miserable creature! I hoped this childish agitation, these streaming tears, these overwhelming bursts of grief were past; I hoped that as a man, you would have more firmness than to weep over your griefs in my bosom. Take courage, compose yourself.

CLAVIGO. Let me weep (*throws himself in a chair*).

CARLOS. Woe to you, that you have entered upon a path you cannot pursue to the end! With a heart, a disposition that would make the happiness of a peaceful citizen, you unfortunately unite a desire after greatness! And what is greatness, Clavigo? To raise yourself in rank and reputation above others? Believe it not! If your heart is not greater than the hearts of others; if you are not able to overcome difficulties that would affright a common man, then all your ribands, all your stars, the crown itself could not ennoble you. Recover yourself, be composed!

(CLAVIGO rises, looks at Carlos, and offers him his hand, which Carlos eagerly seizes).

CARLOS. Up! up, my friend! and decide. I will set everything aside, and will say: Here are two propositions in the same balance. Ei-

ther you marry Marie, and seek your happiness in the peaceful domestic joys of a citizen's life; or you pursue still further your present glorious career. I will set everything aside, and say:—the balance is even, with *you* it rests, which scale shall preponderate. Well, decide. There is no more pitiable object than an irresolute man, who, wavering between two opinions, would fain reconcile both, and cannot comprehend that nothing, not even the doubts, the perplexities that torture him, can accomplish this. Up, and give Marie your hand; act like an honorable man, who, to keep his word, sacrifices the happiness of his life; who considers it his duty to restore what he has destroyed; and renounces all ambitious views, that he may enjoy a peaceful retirement, the approbation of a quiet conscience, and the contentment that is ever attendant upon him, who can make his own, as well as his friend's happiness. Decide, and then I will say you are a good fellow.

CLAVIGO. Oh Carlos! for one spark of your resolution, your courage!

CARLOS. It sleeps within you, and I will fan it until it burst into a flame. Behold, on the other hand, the fortune, the greatness that await you. I will not paint your prospects in the exaggerated coloring of the imagination; only remember how brilliant you yourself considered them, before this French mania turned your brain. But, above all, Clavigo, be a man; carry out your determination at once, without looking to the right or the left. Oh! that your soul might be strengthened, and obtain the assurance great minds possess, that gifted and ordinary men differ as much in their duties as in their powers; that he, to whom is given the superintendence of a great work, need not reproach himself for neglecting things of less importance; for sacrificing trifles for the good of the whole. Does not the Creator so in Nature? The King in his government? Why should we not imitate them?

CLAVIGO. I am not a great man, Carlos.

CARLOS. We are not weak, when circumstances perplex us, but only when they overcome us. One more struggle, and you are yourself again. Throw aside the remains of a miserable passion, that is as little suited to you now, as the grey jacket, and the humble hopes, with which you entered Madrid. You have long since repaid what the poor girl has done for you; you are indebted to her for the first friendly welcome; and would not another have done as much, if not more, without demanding such a return?—would it enter your head, to give the half of your fortune to your schoolmaster, because he taught you your A, B, C, thirty years ago? Say, Clavigo?

CLAVIGO. That is all very well; you may be right on the whole; but how will it help us out of our difficulties? Give advice and assistance; then you may talk.

CARLOS. Agreed! You really wish it?

CLAVIGO. Put it in my power; then I will; I cannot think; think for me.

CARLOS. In this way, then. First, appoint a place of meeting; then at the sword's point demand the return of the declaration which you imprudently allowed to be forced from you.

CLAVIGO. I have it already; he tore it in two, and gave it to me.

CARLOS. Capital! capital! The first step taken—and you have let me talk all this time?—Briefly, then! Write to him very coolly: "you do not intend to marry his sister; the reason he may learn, if he will meet you this evening, at any given place, accompanied by a friend, and provided with whatever weapons he may choose." And to that, sign your name. Come, Clavigo, write that, I will be your second, and—the devil must be in it—

(CLAVIGO moves towards the table.)

CARLOS. Stop! One word! When I think it over, this is a silly plan. Why should we risk our lives against an angry adventurer? Neither his behavior nor his position deserves that we should consider him our equal. Listen, then! Suppose that I enter a formal complaint,

declaring that he came privately to Madrid, and, with an accomplice, introduced himself to you under a false name; that after putting you off your guard, by his friendly manner, he turned suddenly round and extorted from you a confession, which, no sooner had he obtained, than he went off to put it in circulation. That will settle the matter; he will find out what it is to disturb the domestic peace of a Spaniard.

CLAVIGO. You are right.

CARLOS. In the meantime, till the process is arranged, if we could play the fellow some other trick, and to make sure of him, seize him at once.

CLAVIGO. I understand, and must confess you are the man to arrange it.

CARLOS. Yes, indeed! if I, who have toiled five-and-twenty years, and been present when the cleverest men knit their brows, if I could not end such a farce.—Leave all to me; you need do nothing, write nothing. A man who sends the brother to prison, shows pretty plainly that he does not want the sister.

CLAVIGO. No, Carlos! that I cannot, *will* not allow. Beaumarchais is an honest fellow, and his wrongs shall not be made the cause of his imprisonment. Some other plan, Carlos!

CARLOS. Pooh! pooh! Childishness! We will not eat him, he shall be well kept and cared for, and it cannot last long. Then, when he sees we are in earnest, his ranting passion will subside; he will return to France dumb-founded, thanking you most politely, if a yearly allowance is settled upon his sister, who has probably been entirely dependent upon him.

CLAVIGO. I agree, then! only treat him well.

CARLOS. Never fear!—One more precaution. Nobody knows how things get about; if it reaches his ears, he will come directly to you, and all is ruined. Therefore leave the house, without letting your servants know where you are going. Take with you only what is necessary. I will send you a knave who will hide you where even the holy brotherhood could not find you. I keep a couple of mouseholes always open. Adieu.

CLAVIGO. Farewell!

CARLOS. Courage! courage! brother, we will take our pleasure when the work is done.

Guilbert's Dwelling.

SOPHIE GUILBERT, MARIE BEAUMARCHAIS.

(At work.)

MARIE. So Buenco went away displeased?

SOPHIE. Was it not natural? He loves you, and cannot endure the sight of a man whom he must doubly hate.

MARIE. He is the best-hearted, most excellent creature I have ever known. (Showing her work.) I think this will do. If I pass this through, the end will stand up, and have a good effect.

SOPHIE. Yes! And I will put straw-colored ribbon on my cap! nothing is more becoming. You are smiling?

MARIE. At myself. We maidens are strange creatures; no sooner do we begin to raise our heads a little, than we are again busy with ribbons and finery.

SOPHIE. You cannot be accused of that, for, since Clavigo's desertion, nothing has given you a moment's pleasure.

(MARIE starts, and looks towards the door.)

SOPHIE. What is the matter?

MARIE (sadly). I thought some one was coming! My poor heart! Oh, it will kill me. Feel how it beats from mere fright.

SOPHIE. Compose yourself, love, I pray! You look quite pale.

MARIE (laying her hand on her breast). Such a pain here!—It is so sharp.—It will kill me.

SOPHIE. Do not get so excited.

MARIE. I am a poor, foolish maiden. Joy and grief have striven with all their might to

undermine my fragile life. I own I have no heartfelt joy that he is mine again. I shall but taste the happiness that I looked for in his arms; perhaps not even that.

SOPHIE. Sister, my darling one! Why torment yourself with such fancies?

MARIE. Why should I deceive myself?

SOPHIE. You are young and happy, and may hope for everything.

MARIE. Hope! Oh that sweet, that only balm of life has oft bewitched my soul. Bright, youthful dreams hover around me, and ever follow his beloved form. Oh, Sophie, how charming he is! Since I last saw him—I know not how to express it. All the noble qualities his modesty formerly concealed, now shine forth. He has become a man, and his air of self-possession, remote alike from vanity and pride, gain him all hearts.—And he is mine?—No, sister, I was never worthy of him.—Still less so now!

SOPHIE. Only take him, and be happy.—I hear your brother coming!

BEAUMARCHAIS (enters).

BEAUMARCHAIS. Where is Guilbert?

SOPHIE. He has been absent some time; he cannot be away much longer.

MARIE. What is it, brother? (Rising quickly, and falling on his neck.) Dear brother, what is it?

BEAUMARCHAIS. Nothing. Leave me, my Marie.

MARIE. If I am your Marie, then tell me what is on your mind?

SOPHIE. Let him alone. Men often look annoyed, without having anything on their minds.

MARIE. No, no. Though so short a time since first I saw your face, it already expresses to me all your feelings. I can read every emotion of that guileless heart upon your brow. You have met with something that annoys you. Speak, what is it?

BEAUMARCHAIS. It is nothing, my love. I hope in truth it is nothing. Clavigo—

MARIE. What?

BEAUMARCHAIS. I went to Clavigo's; he was not at home.

SOPHIE. Does that disturb you?

BEAUMARCHAIS. His porter said he had set out upon a journey, he knew not whither. No one knew how long he would be absent. Can he have ordered himself to be denied? Can he really have gone on a journey?

MARIE. We will have patience.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Your tongue belies you. Those pale cheeks and trembling limbs give evidence that you cannot wait in patience. Dear sister! (Takes her in his arms.) On this throbbing, anxious heart, I swear. Hear me, O God, for thou art just! Hear me, all ye saints! You shall be avenged, if he—I shudder at the thought—if he retract, and mocking at our misery, incur the weight of a two-fold fearful perjury.—No, it is not, it is not possible.—You shall be justified.

SOPHIE. You are too hasty, brother; spare her this excitement, I pray.

(MARIE sits down.)

SOPHIE. What is the matter? You are faint.

MARIE. No, no. You are too apprehensive.

SOPHIE (hands her water). Take this.

MARIE. No, I do not wish it. Is it for me? Well, give it here.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Where is Guilbert? Where is Buenco? Send for them, I pray.

[Exit Sophie.]

BEAUMARCHAIS. How are you, Marie?

MARIE. Well, quite well! Do you then suppose, brother?—

BEAUMARCHAIS. What, my love?

MARIE. Ah!

BEAUMARCHAIS. Does it give you pain to breathe?

MARIE. My heart beats too fast; it suffocates me.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Have you no remedy? Will nothing allay it?

MARIE. There is a remedy, and long have I prayed to God for it.

BEAUMARCHAIS. You shall have it, and from my hand, I hope.

MARIE. It is well.

SOPHIE (enters).

SOPHIE. A courier from Aranjuez has brought this letter.

BEAUMARCHAIS. It is our ambassador's seal and handwriting.

SOPHIE. I asked him to dismount and take some refreshment, but he refused, as he had other despatches to deliver.

MARIE. Will you send the servant for a physician, love?

SOPHIE. Are you ill? Good God! Are you ill?

MARIE. You will frighten me so, that I shall not dare to ask for a glass of water.—Sophie—brother—what is this letter? See how he trembles! He has lost all self-command.

SOPHIE. Brother! My brother!

[Beaumarchais falls speechless into a chair, and lets the letter drop.]

SOPHIE. My brother! (picks up the letter and reads it.)

MARIE. Let me see it—I must—(Attempts to rise.) Alas! I feel it. This will end all. Sister, in mercy give me this last death-blow! He has betrayed us!

BEAUMARCHAIS (starting up). He has betrayed us! (Striking his breast and forehead.) It is all dark here, and dead, as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon my brain. Marie! Marie! You are betrayed!—and I stand here! Where shall I go?—What do?—I see nothing, nothing, no way, no deliverance! (Throws himself into his chair.)

Enter GUILBERT.

SOPHIE. Guilbert! Help, advise us! We are all lost!

GUILBERT. Wife!

SOPHIE. Read! read! The ambassador informs our brother, that Clavigo has accused him of stealing into his house, under a false name, and with a pistol at his breast, of forcing him to write a disgraceful declaration. That if he does not quickly escape the kingdom, he will be dragged to prison, from which the ambassador himself may be unable to free him.

BEAUMARCHAIS (starting up). Yes, I shall! I shall be dragged to prison. But over his corpse! from the spot where, by my hand, his blood has been poured out.—Ah! I have a fierce undying thirst for his blood. Thanks be to thee, O God! that in the greatest grief, thou sendest us comfort and refreshment. This eager craving for revenge banishes my weak irresolution; all thought for myself! In my soul, rages a greedy longing for his blood! How welcome is revenge! To seize him, to destroy him, is my sole desire.

SOPHIE. You terrify me, brother.

BEAUMARCHAIS. It is well.—Ha! No sword, no weapon! With these hands alone will I slay him, that mine may be the delight! entirely mine the feeling, that I have destroyed him.

MARIE. My heart! my heart!

BEAUMARCHAIS. Save you I could not, but I shall avenge you. Oh! that I had him! that I could taste his flesh, his blood. Am I a wild beast? that every vein, every nerve is filled with this ungovernable rage.—I would for ever hate the assassin, who robbed me of my prey. Oh! help me, Guilbert, to hunt him down! Where is Buenco? Help me to find him.

GUILBERT. Save yourself! save yourself! You are mad.

MARIE. Fly, my brother!

SOPHIE. Take him away; he is killing her.

Enter BUENCO.

BUENCO. Away, Sir! away! I foresaw this. I have observed everything. They are now on

the watch for you, and you are lost, if you do not instantly leave the city.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Where is Clavigo?

BUENCO. I know not.

BEAUMARCHAIS. You do know; on my knees, I entreat you to tell me.

SOPHIE. For God's sake, Buenco.

MARIE. Ah! Air! air! (Falls back.) Clavigo!

SOPHIE. Help, she is dying!

MARIE. Oh, God, forsake us not!—Away, brother, away!

BEAUMARCHAIS (falls at Marie's feet, who, in spite of all their efforts, does not revive). Leave you! leave you!

SOPHIE. Remain, then, to destroy us, as you have destroyed her. Oh, my sister, your brother's rashness has killed you.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Stop, sister!

SOPHIE (bitterly). Saviour!—Avenger! Save yourself!

BEAUMARCHAIS. Do I deserve this?

SOPHIE. Give her back to me! And then go to prison, go to the martyr's block, go, only give her back to me.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Sophie!

SOPHIE. Ha! She is lost, she is dead. Save yourself for our sakes! (falling on his neck.) My brother, save yourself for us! for our father! Fly, fly! It was her destiny! She has accomplished it! To God on high leave vengeance.

BUENCO. Away! away! Come with me; I will conceal you until we can find means to get out of the country.

BEAUMARCHAIS (throws himself beside Marie, and kisses her). Sister! (They tear him away from her; he embraces Sophie, who releases herself with difficulty from his arms; they carry Marie out.)

[Exeunt Buenco and Beaumarchais.]

Enter GUILBERT and a Physician.

SOPHIE (returning from the room into which Marie had been carried.) Too late! She is gone! Dead!

GUILBERT. Come in, Sir! Judge for yourself! It is not possible! (Exeunt.)

FIFTH ACT.

The Street before Guilbert's House.

(NIGHT)

(The house is open. Three men enveloped in black mantles, and holding torches, stand before the door. Clavigo, wrapped in his cloak, his sword under his arm, enters, preceded by a servant with a torch.)

CLAVIGO. I told you to avoid this street.

SERVANT. We should have had to go a long way round, and you are in haste. Don Carlos is not far from here.

CLAVIGO. Torches there?

SERVANT. A funeral. Shall we go on, Sir?

CLAVIGO. Marie's dwelling! A funeral! It thrills me with horror. Go, inquire who is to be buried.

SERVANT (to the men). Whom do you bury?

THE MEN. Marie Beaumarchais.

(CLAVIGO sits down upon a stone, and covers his face.)

SERVANT (returning). Marie Beaumarchais.

CLAVIGO (starting up). Need you repeat it, wretch? Need you repeat the awful sentence that chills the marrow in my bones?

SERVANT. Hush, Sir, come with me, remember the danger you are in.

CLAVIGO. Go to h—ll! I will not move.

SERVANT. Oh, Carlos! Oh that you were here, Carlos! He is beside himself! (Exit.)

CLAVIGO. (The hired mourners in the distance.) Dead! Marie dead! Those torches! Those sorrowful conductors! It is imagination; it is a dream, that affrights me, that holds before me a mirror, in which is shadowed forth the end of all my treachery.—There is still time! Still!—I tremble, my heart fails me! No! No! Thou shalt not die. I come! I come!—Avaunt, ye spectres of the

night, that stand upon my path—(advancing). Avaunt! They move not! Ha! They look at me! Woe! Woe is me! They are men like myself.—'Tis true—True? Can it be?—

She is dead—Aye, 'tis true! I feel it creep through all my veins; she is dead. She lies there, a flower at my feet—and I—Have mercy upon me, oh, God, I have not killed her!

—Hide you, ye stars, look not down upon the wretch ye so oft have seen cross this threshold, glowing with heartfelt happiness, and wander through the streets lost in golden dreams, or linger beneath the lattice, awakening with instrument and song, fond hopes in the heart of the listening maiden!—And have I now filled this house with grief and lamentation? This scene of my happiness with sounds of woe?—Marie! Marie! take me with thee! take me with thee! (mournful music of lutes is heard from within.) Now they are moving towards the grave!—Stop! Stop! Close not the coffin! Let me once more behold her! (He draws near the house.) Ha! before whom dare I appear? whom dare I meet in his awful grief?

—Her friends? Her brother? his heart bursting with rage and sorrow! (The music is again heard.) She calls me! she calls me! What anguish oppresses me! What grief withholds me! (The music begins for the third time, and continues. The torch-bearers move from before the door, and are joined by three others; they range themselves in file to form the funeral procession, now coming out of the house. Six men support the bier, upon which is the covered coffin. Guilbert and Buenco in deep mourning.)

CLAVIGO (coming forward). Stop!

GUILBERT. Whose voice is that?

CLAVIGO. Stop! (The bearers stop.)

BUENCO. Who dares interrupt this solemn train?

CLAVIGO. Put it down!

GUILBERT. Ha!

BUENCO. Wretch! is there no end to your crimes? Can your victim not find a refuge even in the grave?

CLAVIGO. Peace! do not drive me mad! The wretched are desperate! I must see her! (He throws off the Pall; Marie lies clothed in white, her hands folded on her breast. Clavigo starts back, and covers his face.)

BUENCO. Would you give her life, again to take it from her?

CLAVIGO. Poor Mocker!—Marie! (he falls beside the coffin.)

Enter BEAUMARCHAIS.

BEAUMARCHAIS. Buenco has left me. She is not dead, they tell me; I must see, in spite of the Devil! I will see her. Torches, a Funeral! (He forces his way through, perceives the coffin, and falls down beside it; they lift him up; he appears insensible. Guilbert supports him.)

CLAVIGO (rising from the opposite side of the coffin). Marie! Marie!

BEAUMARCHAIS (springing up). Whose voice is that? 'Tis his! Who calls Marie?

That voice enrages me!

CLAVIGO. It is I, Clavigo.

(BEAUMARCHAIS looking wildly around and grasping his sword. Guilbert restrains him.)

CLAVIGO. I fear neither those fierce eyes nor the point of your sword! Behold these closed eyes, these folded hands!

BEAUMARCHAIS. Do you point out these to me? (He breaks away from Guilbert, rushes at Clavigo, who draws; they fight, Beaumarchais plunges his sword into his breast.)

CLAVIGO (falling). I thank thee, brother! You thus unite us (falls upon the coffin).

BEAUMARCHAIS (dragging him off). Away! 'Tis sacred! Accursed wretch!

CLAVIGO. Alas! (the bearers support him.)

BEAUMARCHAIS (Looks up). Marie! Cast one glance upon this blood, thy bridal adornment, and then close thine eyes for ever. See! I have consecrated thy resting-place with the blood of thy murderer!

Enter SOPHIE.

SOPHIE. Brother! Good God! What has happened?

BEAUMARCHAIS. Come nearer, love, and see. I hoped to strew her bridal bed with roses; behold the roses I have decked her with for her heavenly journey.

SOPHIE. We are lost!

CLAVIGO. Save yourself, rash man! save yourself, before the day breaks. The God who sent you to avenge her, be with you.—Sophie—forgive me—Brother—Friends—forgive me!

BEAUMARCHAIS. In this flowing blood my heart's hatred is extinguished! with his fleeting life expires my rage! (*approaching him.*) Die, I forgive you!

CLAVIGO. Your hand! and yours, Sophie! and yours! (*Bueno hesitates.*)

SOPHIE. Give it him, Buenco.

CLAVIGO. I thank you. You were ever good to me! I thank you all! And thou, spirit of my beloved, if still hovering around us, look down, behold this heavenly kindness, crown it with thy blessing, and forgive me!—I come! I come!—Save yourself, my brother! Tell me, did she forgive me? How died she?

SOPHIE. Your unhappy name was her last word! She passed away without bidding us farewell.

CLAVIGO. I follow her, and bear her yours.

Enter CARLOS, and a SERVANT.

CARLOS. Clavigo! Murder!

CLAVIGO. Listen to me, Carlos! You see before you the sacrifice of your craftiness—and now, for the sake of this life-blood, ebbing fast away! save my brother

CARLOS. My friend! (*to the Servant.*) Why stand you there! Fly for a physician! [*Exit Servant.*]

CLAVIGO. It is in vain. Save! Save my wretched brother! Give me your hand, promise it to me! They have forgiven me; I forgive you. Go with him to the frontier, and—ah!

CARLOS (*stamping on the ground*). Clavigo! Clavigo!

CLAVIGO (*dragging himself towards the coffin, upon which they lay him*). Marie! Thy hand! (*He unfolds her hands, and clasps the right.*)

SOPHIE (*to Beaumarchais*). Away! unhappy one! Away!

CLAVIGO. I have her hand! Her cold dead hand! Thou art mine—and now this bridegroom's kiss—Ah!

SOPHIE. He is dead.

(BEAUMARCHAIS falls on Sophie's neck.)

SOPHIE (*embraces him, at the same time motions him to fly*).

LITERATURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOLIDAY GIFT-BOOKS. *Catalogues of Wiley & Putnam, D. Appleton & Co., Harper & Brothers, Bartlett & Welford, C. S. Francis & Co., Henry Kerner, Burgess & Stringer, &c., &c.*

It is a treat to look over the literary treasures which load the booksellers' counters at this festival season. We have explored several, in the hope of giving our readers some aid in the difficult task of selection; though space allows but a passing hint on a theme which such book-epicures as Hazlitt and Lamb might discourse agreeably upon for hours.

At WILEY & PUTNAM'S, the first thing which claims attention is the admirable series of republications, entitled the "Library of Choice Reading." With a very few exceptions, it consists of standard works, many of which have received in our columns the eulogistic notice they richly deserve. We consider the appearance and success of these works as an epoch in popular taste. They have taken the place of stimulating fiction, and given new scope to the amenities of literature. Among the extensive imported volumes

of this house, a novel attraction may be found in their illustrated French works. Of their own enterprises, the "Pearls of American Poetry"—a magnificent quarto (each initial letter of which is an elaborate picture) illuminated in a rare artistic style by T. Gwilt Mapleson, Esq.—merits the careful inspection of every tasteful purchaser. The "Heroines of Shakspeare" we have more than once alluded to, as the cheapest set of interesting engravings in the market, and with the text of Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," they form a delightful accompaniment to the sweetest passages of the great bard. "Oracles from the Poets," by Mrs. Gilman, and "The Sibyl," another volume on the same plan, serve as beautiful diversions for the fireside.

At D. APPLETON & Co.'s, the literature of the church is presented in every variety of guise. Their Prayer Books are exquisite specimens of the typographical art; and one of the truly unique and most economical gift-books of the season, is their "Parables of Our Lord," issued in the style of an ancient missal. We have already warmly commended the illustrated edition of Halleck, put forth by this house, and will only add, that it should ornament the centre-table of every genuine Knickerbocker. "Nature's Gems" is the most authentic and elegant book of flowers which has yet appeared. It is confined to the wild flowers of our own country, and both in an artistic and literary point of view, appeals to the eye and mind. Among other home productions, we cannot but refer to the excellent moral tales of Miss McIntosh, the Christmas' Holidays of Kip, and several of the neat miniature volumes. Their editions of Moore, Southey, and Byron are remarkably complete, and as handsomely illustrated and printed as the London counterparts, which cost double.

Until recently, our friends in Cliff street have expended their activity upon the *utile* rather than the *dulce* of the art of book-making; but a gradual turn for elegance has developed in that quarter, and they now offer the public very rich and chaste editions of Milton, Goldsmith, Thomson, and Cowper, illustrated with English woodcuts. Their illuminated Bible and illustrated Shakspeare have become standard presentation volumes, while the fair pages of Prescott and Stephens claim for themselves a place in every American library.

Those in search of the latest London editions of popular writings, will do well to call on our ethnological friend BARTLETT (of the firm of BARTLETT & WELFORD), whose collection is at once extensive and choice. He has also several portfolios of the richest and most delicate engravings.

At FRANCIS & Co.'s there is a great variety of unexceptionable Juvenile works; the best edition of Scott's poems in the country, and the admirable writings of Ware, Dewey, Mrs. Child, and others, among which we must not forget the handsomely bound copies of the third edition of Tuckerman's "Thoughts on the Poets." Nor can we omit to suggest to those of our readers who live in the vicinity of Bleeker street, the expediency, about these days, of a visit to the *Up-town Bookstore*—which is a kind of epitome of all that exists of the same kind down town. We are happy to perceive that Mr. KERNOT has found it necessary to enlarge his premises, and increase his well-selected stock. CAREY & HART'S illustrated American poets—Bryant, Willis, and Longfellow, should be in great demand, at this season, as well as the Moxonish-looking volumes of poetry issued by TICKNOR & Co., of Boston. As for the Annuals, for literary value, we commend the Opal of this year, and for some excellent illustrations, the Charm, and the Gem of the Season. BURGESS & STRINGER'S list includes all the popular works. At their office, and those of W. H. GRAHAM and BERFORD & Co., subscription papers are open for the several Magazines and Reviews now published, some of which, we perceive, have commenced the new year with a very promising array of contributors.

Poetry.

THE BLOSSOMS OF MY YOUTH.

THE blossoms of my youth are blowing,
Blowing ere their time;
The summer sun on Spring is glowing
And at twenty cometh prime;
Oh forward heart, how soon together
Summer and Autumn fall,
How soon the leaves by the woodside wither
And dust is over all.

The blossoms of my youth are fading,
Fading ere their time;
And on my heart a wing is shading
Like the thought of heavy crime;
Oh darkened heart, there is a canker
At the core of thy bridal rose;
Yet hope, sweet hope, on thy mighty anchor
Rest till the drama close.

The blossoms of my youth are falling,
Falling ere their time,
I hear the birds from a far land calling,
Singing a summer chime,
Oh weary heart, o'er hopes departed
Muse in thy tears awhile,
But think of the land of the faithful-hearted,
And turn to the world and smile.

HENRY MORFORD.

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

'Tis a bright, a calm, and a lovely day,
In the month that I dearly love,
When the smiles of heaven around me play,
And my heart with joy doth move;
Yet the joy I feel is a pensive joy,
As if joy itself would weep;
But the tears are not the heart's alloy,
They spring from a holy deep.

The heavens above how pure and fair,
In the rich unclouded light!
And how sweet the breath of the summer air,
When the sun hath climbed his height;
And the long, long day, scarce fades away,
Ere the roseate morn appears,
And the longest day of all—this day,
A crown of glory wears.

The earth in her richest vesture clad,
Looks like the bride of heaven,
The hills and valleys and streams are glad,
In the youth to them now given;
And everything that hath sense and life,
Is singing a loving song,
The creatures of thought with thought are
rife,
And the hopeful soul grows strong.

And yet, 'mid the joy which round me sings,
And the glory which charms mine eye,
There's a chord among the thousand strings
Which mourns in the harmony—
There's a thought of sadness which stirs
within,
How the bright and fair must die,
And the love which now the heart doth win
Away to heaven must fly.

The loveliest day is the end of days,
Which still brighter and sweeter rose,
And now the sun with declining rays,
Will return to his long repose:
The southern climes with their orange bowers
Will bask in his glorious light,
While the wintry storms will then be ours,
And the long and dreary night.

Thus our human life still brighter grows,
Till we reach the summer prime,
And the current of thought and feeling flows,
With the joyous youth of time,
And then we mournfully downward glide
To the winter of our years,
When the glory of our summer tide
Is quenched in night and tears.

But the summer days will return again,
And the earth once more rejoice,
When fountain and stream and hill and plain,
Shall hear the enkindling voice.
So the wintry days of life will fly,
When a brighter sun appears,
And beauty and joy no more shall die,
'Mid heaven's eternal years.

The Fine Arts.

THE ART-UNION DISTRIBUTION.

THE annual meeting of the Art-Union took place on Friday evening last, at the Tabernacle. This immense building was crowded to overflowing long before the commencement. So much anxious expectation was probably never enclosed within its four walls on any previous occasion. The meeting was opened with some admirable remarks from the President, Mr. Wetmore, on the progress of Art amongst us, the aim and end which it is to accomplish for our country, and the purpose of the Art-Union to assist in the fulfilling of the mission. The report was then read, showing a growth and progress in the Institution that must have astonished its most sanguine friends. The members for the present year (1847) number 9666; producing a fund of nearly \$50,000, the greater part of which has been expended in paintings for distribution. We were prepared to expect an immense increase over last year, but not so much as this; and we feel somewhat doubtful whether so long a stride may not be prejudicial to the interests of Art. The demands will exceed the supply, and pictures will be, in consequence, manufactured on the very cheapest principle to meet it. We fear we shall have more paintings and less excellence; and it is only by the most rigid system of patronage on the part of the Committee, that this evil can be averted. We have in this city but one annual exhibition of the works of our artists, while in London there are no less than six, in which, we suppose, at least five thousand pictures are exhibited; and from which large number, the prizewinners in the London Art-Union make their own selection. In this case, the supply exceeds the demand, and if the seven hundred prizes selected are without merit, it is not the fault of the artists. Yet, we have every prospect that the subscription to the Art-Union here, will continue to increase in the same ratio as it has done; and if so, we shall have next year a list equal to that of the London society. Now, where are the seven hundred pictures for next year to come from? They will come, doubtless, but with how little chance of being really good? We fear, too, that Art will degenerate into a trade amongst us, for this overpatronage will breed artists with the same fecundity with which the herring spawns forth its young.

As the report will soon be published, we shall not at present give any synopsis of it. It was apparently well written, and to the purpose. From it we learn that the engraving for next year will be from a picture of Huntington—"Queen Mary signing the death warrant of Lady Jane Grey, at the solicitation of the Spanish Ambassador." We hope (a hope not destined, we fear, to be realized) that it will be more worthy of commendation than its predecessors. We have had great pictures painted in this country, why not engrave them in preference to the trumpery superficialities of the day? A pentograph engraving of Brown's Bas-relief, commissioned for the Art-Union, will, perhaps, also be distributed to the subscribers of the coming year. We lost much

of the report, in consequence of the inaudible voice in which it was read, and cannot, therefore, state further the future intentions of the committee. We hope there will be no more pictures commissioned. It was well, perhaps, to make the experiment, but it has been too unsuccessful to be repeated. Mr. Cole's picture, "The Home in the Woods," was the only one of the four productions, commissioned at \$500 each, that was really worth that sum. The smaller commissions to the younger artists were more faithfully earned. We shall have more to say on this subject, and the disadvantages which we think attend it, when we shall receive the printed report.

After the reading of the report, the Committee for the next three years was chosen, twenty-one in number, seven of whom are to retire each year, and their places filled by a new election. We know the gentlemen elected only from general report. We believe they are all "good men and true," who will honestly serve the cause of Art, and be influenced by no other motive than the love of the true and beautiful.

The distribution of the prizes, the most interesting ceremony of the evening to the majority of those present, and which they had waited for with the utmost impatience, then commenced. The daily papers have already printed the list of fortunates, so that it is scarcely worth while to set them down here. Twenty-three paintings in addition to those on the catalogue, were also distributed, and 250 medals in honor of Washington Allston. These were very beautiful, far superior to anything of the kind ever produced in this country. The design by Duggan is chaste and elegant, and the execution by Wright very clear and distinct. We hope the Committee will not willingly let this beautiful branch of Art die, but give us yearly a medal in commemoration of the advance of the Fine Arts in America.

Glimpses of Books.

CHINESE BOAT TOWN: CANTON RIVER.—

Upon a nearer approach to the city, the passage of the river becomes a matter of considerable difficulty, and is excessively tedious, owing to the crowd of boats; which are collected together in such numbers that the scene presented by them is one of the novelties most likely to attract the stranger's attention. The principal feature of this extraordinary assemblage of boats is, that they have not been attracted to one spot upon any particular business, or for any object which having been obtained they would again disperse, but that they are always so collected; and upon a more attentive examination, it will be found that they are arranged in regular line, leaving a narrow passage between them, of just sufficient width to allow the largest of them to move its position if required. With the exception of these occasional breaks, the whole forms a mass so closely arranged that it is perfectly easy to pass from one to the other, and thus traverse the whole extent, which reaches for a considerable distance. The number of people who are thus accommodated, and who are born, live, and die, with no other home, is astonishing, and to the stranger almost incredible. This river population forms an entirely distinct portion of the community, having regulations and laws peculiar to themselves, and are not allowed to marry into the families of any but their own people. There are few customs in the world which are so likely to strike the foreigner upon his first arrival in a new country as this boat town; so perfectly different to anything he has ever seen, and so peculiar in itself, that the wonder which is excited by the novelty of the

scene does not disappear so readily as the generality of other customs, to which the mind soon becomes accustomed after a short residence. Notwithstanding the manner in which these boats are crowded together, which, judging from the consequences of such an occurrence amongst our own nation, we should naturally imagine to be productive of interminable quarrels and discord, we find that, throughout the entire mass of this aquatic population, which amounts to some thousands, the most perfect harmony and order prevail. And yet, if we were to place an equal number of our countrymen and women, taken from the same class, which is one of the lowest, if not the very worst, of all, we can form but a very faint idea of the scene that would ensue upon any one of the boats making an attempt to move its position; which is here done without the slightest disturbance whatever.—*Hutton's Five Years in the East.*

CELESTIAL MOUNTBANKS.—At a corner of a street we perceived a man talking angrily to a little boy of about fourteen years of age; who appeared, by the rapidity of his utterance and various gestures, to be making some retort which increased the rage of the man; who, becoming red in the face and exhibiting all the symptoms of excessive passion, finally struck the boy with such force as to knock him down; then, kneeling upon his arms to prevent his moving, he produced a knife and drew it swiftly across the boy's throat, notwithstanding the most violent struggles to prevent it: the blood now flowed plentifully over the poor child's neck; and with the most frightful expression of fiendish passion the man walked off. Upon our expressing no small surprise that such a diabolical murder should be committed in a public street in broad daylight, and yet the murderer be allowed to go unpunished, our guide very coolly replied, that we should see what would happen presently. Our imagination, of course, pictured to itself a mandarin suddenly appearing and ordering the murderer to be strangled, or some such summary proceeding; but what was our surprise when we beheld the very man who had committed the deed come quietly back, and, after lifting the boy's hand and letting it fall listlessly down again, as if with the intention of seeing if he really had killed him, at length take him by the arm and raise him up; when, to our great astonishment, the lad opened his eyes, and showed us that the whole affair had been nothing but a trick, for the successful performance of which he proceeded to collect the small coins which were being showered in from all sides.

After having been once seen, this trick has nothing so very wonderful about it, as the boy is of course a confederate; and the whole mystery of the throat-cutting lies in the knife, which is so contrived that the handle contains a quantity of blood, which, by a very simple contrivance, is discharged on to the boy's neck at the same moment that the blade is drawn across it; but still the whole is a most admirable piece of acting, especially on the part of the boy when dying; and in order to excite the public sympathy to the highest possible point, a lad is generally selected whose appearance is the most interesting and most likely to create the strongest feeling of compassion.—*Hutton's Five Years in the East.*

CHEATING JOHN CHINAMAN.—In the regulation of port dues considerable alteration has been made within the last few years, but the old system had an inevitable tendency to encourage smuggling, on account of the large amount of duties which pressed more heavily upon small ships than upon the larger ones, the amount not being proportioned to the size of the vessel: the consequence of this was, that a most iniquitous system was carried on, which for some time puzzled the Chinese authorities considerably. The plan was this: a large vessel first went up the river, paid her port-dues, and discharged her cargo; which being cleared, another vessel came alongside during the night, transferred her

cargo into the larger one, and hauled off again before daylight; on the following day this was again discharged into the boats as part of the original cargo, and so on to the extent of fourteen or fifteen vessels, who thus cheated the Government, the duty being levied, not upon the quantity of goods, but upon the ship herself; which was thus made to contain about 8,000 tons, much to the astonishment of the Chinese.

Miscellany.

STANZAS.

BY A LADY.

ON FINDING THE KEY OF HER OLD PIANO.

UNLOCK, unlock the shrines of memory
And bid her many keys their voices send
Up in the silent hour unto me.
Speak! that the tones of other years may lend
Their vanished harmonies and lost romance
To days immersed in gloom and dissonance.

Thou, who the while unconscious played thy part,
And called fair music from her silent cell
To echo murmurs from the gushing heart,
Come! wake once more the departed spell.
I fain would hear of things and thoughts again,
Which mingled often with the stealing strain.

Hark! it comes creeping on. It is an air
Full of strange wailing—mournfully profound;
Some music-spirit moaning in despair,
Prisoned in that sweet barrier of sound;
And yet, methinks "might I a captive be
If thus environed in captivity!"

And shadowy forms around the instrument
Come closely pressing, whispering low words
That keep time with the music, redolent
Of deep vibrations in the hidden chords
That round the heart their hurried measure keep,
And away its pulses with resistless sweep.

Voice of the voiceless! Graves give up their dead,
And at thy word departed echoes ring,
Familiar carols from the lips that fled
Long weary years ago, with fatal wing,
Unto the silent regions of the tomb,
And died away there in its hollow gloom.

Hush! other instruments are creeping in
To perfect the concordance of the whole,
And well remembered voices now begin
To bear on wings invisible my soul.
My own! Amongst them I can hear my own,
Alas! 'Tis almost a forgotten tone!

Was it eve dark'ning o'er the pleasant room
When the soft breezes of the summer night
Breathed through its atmosphere a faint perfume,
Or when the autumn's crimson fire-light
Glowed upon every brow, thou still wert there
Wreck of departed days with many an air.

Joyous or sorrowful—profound or wild,
Swiftly thy sweeping chords gave out their tones,
Light as the laughter of a sinless child,
Deep as the anguish told in captive moans,
Smooth as the flow of rivers to the sea,
Irregular as dark insanity.

There have been hands that are beneath the mould
(I seem to feel their chillness in thy touch),
Eyes, wept the while they moved, that now are cold
As this impassive metal—yet are such
The things that bind us nearest, move us most,
And leave a hopeless voice when they are lost.

Now, stranger hands across those keys will run,
And other walls far other groups surround,
And stranger eyes look lovingly upon
The unconscious mover of the realm of sound.
That realm, once sacred, my sweet home, to thee,
And sacred ever to my memory.

But thou, impassive thing, thus severed wide
From thy sole wealth in those harmonious waves,
Another empire bethine own beside;
Be thou the pass-key to the spirit caves,
Thou the deliverer of their captive throng,
The portal spirit of the gates of song.

PROFESSOR SCHONBEIN, who invented the gun-cotton, is stated, in the *Revue Scientifique et Industrielle*, to have, to a certain point, discovered malleable glass! He renders paper paste (papier maché) transparent, by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls catalytic, for want of a more intelligible term. He makes of this new paper window-panes, vases, bottles, &c., perfectly impermeable to water, and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking, and are perfectly transparent.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

PLAN OF A MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

WE think we recognise the fine pen of Bryant in the following article from the *Evening Post*, although he modestly says when introducing it:

"A FRIEND accustomed to speculations of this kind, furnishes the following notes respecting a monument to Washington:

"The subscriptions for a monument to Washington in this city, do not seem to make any progress at the present moment. The reason is, I imagine, that there is no plan before the public, with which the public is satisfied. Those which have been presented, whatever may be their merit, perplex the public with their want of simplicity, and the greater number of persons who have seen them or heard them described, are uncertain whether they are good or not. This undecided state of mind is as unfavorable to the undertaking as the most positive disapprobation could be.

"I have lately heard of a plan for a monument, which strikes me as one of equal grandeur and simplicity. It is not mine, nor do I know to whom to ascribe it, but I have come, by thinking of it frequently, to like it as well as if it were my own. It contemplates simply the erection of a building of a spherical form, say five hundred feet in diameter, without external columns or any other support of the kind, for these would destroy its simplicity, but resting on a pedestal in which the lower part should be so far imbedded as to give to the structure both the reality and appearance of complete and immovable firmness in its position.

"The idea is new, but its novelty, provided there be nothing otherwise to object to such a plan, is a recommendation. We are not bound to repeat old patterns—to reproduce forms with which the eye is familiar to satiety—if we can substitute for them anything equally proper and impressive. Is not a sphere a form as suitable for a monument to the dead as an obelisk? Has a pillar or column any greater intrinsic propriety for the purpose? Has a coffer of stone, which contains nothing, or has a cinerary urn, that graven lie, which refers to the custom of burning the dead on funeral piles, extinct among civilized nations for a thousand years, and which affects to hold the ashes of the dead, whose remains in fact rest below? To speak honestly, is not this eternal repetition of the sarcophagus and the urn, which had among the ancients their uses, but which in this age have them no longer, a poor and cold affectation, as much out of place among the memorials of the dead as Jupiter and Bacchus are out of place in our poetry?

"A small sphere is a beautiful object, a large sphere is a grand one—the grandest of all simple forms. Nothing more affects the mind with a feeling of sublimity—that emotion which is the reverent acknowledgment of greatness—than the contemplation of the vast orbs which form the planetary system, the idea of which grows upon the imagination as it passes to the larger and more remote—to the belted Jupiter, to Saturn with his rings, and to Uranus performing his mighty rounds in the cold verge of the solar system. The moon, while a crescent, is merely beautiful; but when we see it at the full, and broadened by the haze of the earth, its lower edge resting on the horizon, it is a sublime object. If it were to remain there, fixed for ever, it would draw the eye from the contemplation of all other objects. The halo about the sun which precedes a storm, filling half the heavens with its shadowy orb, awakens the emotion which attends upon grandeur. Is there not, aside from the color, something which excites the imagination in those prismatic circles, which the sun forms in the spray of Niagara? The dome of St. Peter's is the noblest part of the building—it is the part which, seen at a distance, gives the idea of grandeur to the whole edifice. The dome is half a sphere, and derives its power over the imagination from the unity and simplicity which belongs to the sphere.

"But there are some considerations which

give a special propriety to this form in a monument dedicated to the memory of Washington. The globe is often used as a symbol of empire, but it is one which is wanting in perfect correspondence; it implies a solidity and duration which do not belong to the thing signified. Extended empire is one of the most fleeting of the shadows of human existence. In this point of view, the symbol of a sphere is better applied to a virtuous fame, spreading wider and wider with years; to a noble example recorded for ever in history, and contemplated by generation after generation; to the influence of free institutions, gaining strength by the lapse of centuries, and destined to spread all over the earth.

"There are some other points of view in which the subject is to be considered—the uses and the cost of such a monument. For its uses, it might be the receptacle of a colossal image of the great man to whose memory it is raised; the interior might be fashioned into the noblest amphitheatre which the world ever saw, with rows of seats rising on every side, overvaulted by a vast canopy, under which almost the entire population of the city might assemble on public occasions, with the statue of the father of his country looking down upon them. For the cost, the simplicity of its construction would make it cheaper than any other building of the same magnitude. It cannot cost more than it would to execute the complicated plan, loaded with ornaments and carvings, which the committee on the monument are said at one time to have made up their minds to adopt. The interior might be built of stone or iron, and the outside sheathed with copper to protect it from the injuries of the weather."

MR. GILES'S LECTURES ON DON QUIXOTE.—Rev. Henry Giles, one of our most vigorous and genial writers, and, as an orator, celebrated for the singular force and fire of his manner, commenced a course of lectures on Don Quixote, in Philadelphia, on December 14th. His first lecture attracted a large and intelligent audience, and was very warmly received. We hope that Mr. Giles will be induced to repeat the course in New York. The *Pennsylvania Inquirer* remarks of the first lecture:—

"It would take too much space to speak fairly of Mr. Giles's beautiful analysis of this finest of romances, filled with the keenest appreciation of the broad and striking attributes of its author, and interspersed with such kindling bursts of humor, pathos, humanity, and philosophy as are continually suggested by the wide scope of the book, in which is compressed enough of learning and of every attribute of true genius to stock not only whole libraries, but any inconceivable number of ordinary modern novels.

"In topics suggested by the life of Cervantes, and this great work of his life, Mr. Giles finds themes kindred to his large powers of thought, and to his passionate and earnest nature. In speaking of the pitiable condition of the persecuted Don Quixote, during his sojourn with the Duke and Duchess, after quoting Charles Lamb's eloquent words on the same topic, Mr. Giles rose to the highest strain of eloquence. He contended that Cervantes, throughout his book, and more particularly in this part of it, had a higher meaning than is usually attributed to him.

"By the poor and obscure, Don Quixote was uniformly received with the respect due to his learning, and the pity due to his misfortune. The rich and great, disregarding his poetic nature, his wrapt thoughts, and sublime moral dissertations, desired his company only to gratify their low and selfish love of ridicule. Amplifying upon this thought, Mr. Giles contrasted the true greatness of art where its productions are of and for the people, with the miserable tribute it receives from the exclusive class. From among the people and for them are all great architecture, great music, great thought. For the people, art constructs a Drama, a Poem,

or a Cathedral. For the rich, art can make but farces, novels, and wanted ornaments.

"In the same strain, and with the same high tending thoughts, Mr. Giles kept his audience entranced for the space of an hour. His humorous exposition of the peculiarities of the immortal Sancho gave a fine relief to his lecture, and a cheering laugh to his hearers. We have not space to follow him further. We have, from recollection, touched upon such prominent thoughts as were most impressed upon us by this admirable lecture, with the wish to draw still more of public attention to the course which it introduces. We can insure to all who love eloquence a treat of the highest kind in listening to it."

The above lectures, which we have just learned *are* to be repeated in New York, have drawn attention to those books of Chivalry from which the worthy Knight drew his ardor of adventure. The *North American* of the 15th inst. contains the following curious article, which will interest all friends and acquaintances of the Knight of La Mancha:—

"Among the various *manias* in the book line, which, in years gone by, seized upon the English collectors, a Don Quixote Library was one of the most expensive and difficult to gratify. Agents of the London booksellers perambulated Spain, and gave prices for the old Romances of Chivalry, which made the Spaniards stare; and such was their eagerness in acquisition, that it was well observed, how fortunate it would have been for the 'Ingenioso Hidalgo's' intellects if they had arrived in Spain two centuries sooner. An idea may be formed of the extravagant infatuation of the purchasers, for whom so much pains was taken, by reference to the price (three hundred guineas) paid by Mr. Heber, for the first edition (1490) of *TIRANT LO BLANCH*, in the Catalan dialect. This was one of the few romances spared by the Curate, when he consigned the bulk of Don Quixote's library to the flames; and no other copy was known to exist in Spain at the time (1824) that this was purchased to be sent to England. It passed into the famous library of Mr. Grenville, and is now in the British Museum. We have thought that a catalogue of the books which made Don Quixote crazy, and many others nearly, if not quite, as mad as he was, might have some interest for those of our readers who now and then read the Knight's Adventures, either in the original, or in Jarvis's translation, or who desire to attend Mr. Giles's lectures, with some idea of the literary giants against whom Cervantes couched his lance.

"It is not to be supposed, however, that this account comprises all the books possessed by the valiant Manchegan. Upon entering the room where they were kept, the curate and his assistants in the work of destruction found 'more than a hundred large volumes very well bound, besides small ones.' Of these only thirty are designated by name; the rest went to the fire, and perished, leaving no clue to their authors or subjects. Of these, we give the catalogue, designating those editions which the Knight may well be supposed to have possessed.

Amadis de Gaula, supposed to be by Vasco de Lobera, first complete Spanish edition. *Salamanca*, 1525; collected by Garcia Ordóñez de Montalvo. There is an edition, *Seville*, 1526, and one at *Venice*, 1533. Mr. Southey's translation (London, 1803, 4 vols. 12mo.) is from that of *Seville*, 1547. See *Bibliotheca Grenvilliana*, vol. 22, 23.

Las Sergas del muy virtuoso y esforçado Cavallero Esplandian, &c. By Garcia Ordóñez de Montalvo. *Seville*, 1542. (See *Brinet*, *Nouv. Rech.* vol. 1, pp. 38. *Bib. Grenv.* vol. 1, pp. 22.) *Alcala*, 1588. *Les Hauts Faits d'Esplandian*: *A Amsterdam*, 1751.

Cronica del muy Valiente y esforçado principe y Cavallero de la Arden e Espida, Amadis de Gallia, &c. *Seville*, 1542. *Lisbon*, 1596. *Amadis of Gaul*, *London*, 1694, 4to.

Don Ouvante de La-ra, by Antonio de Torquemada. *Barcelona*, 1564.

Jardin de Flores, by the same author. This is not said to be among the books of Don Quixote.

Floris marte or *Felix marte* de Hircania, published by Melchior de Ortega. *Valladolid*, 1556.

El Caballero Platir. *Valladolid*, 1553.

El Caballero de la Cruz. *Toledo*, 1563, 1563.

Espejo de Caballerias; four parts—the first by Diego Ordóñez de Calatorta, 1302; the second by Pedro de la

Sierra, Saragossa, 1580; and the two last by M. Martinez, *Saragossa*, 1603.

Bernardo del Carpio, by Augustin Alonzo. *Toledo*, 1585.

Roncevalles, by F. Garrido de Villena. *Toledo*, 1585.

Libro del famoso Palmerin de Oliva y de sus grandes hechos, &c., por Juan Matheo da Villa Espinoza. *Venice*, 1534; *Seville*, 1540; *Toledo*, 1580; *Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive*, &c. *Paris*, 1573; 8vo. *Palmerin d'Olive*, showing the mirror of Nobilitie, &c. turned into English, by Anthony Munday. *London*, 1637; 4to. B. L.

Libro del muy esforçado Caballero Palmerin de Inglaterra, by Luis Hurtado. *Toledo*, 1548. See *Bib. Grenv.* vol. 2, pp. 519, where Mr. Southey's mistake in ascribing this work to Moraes is pointed out. Third and fourth parts (in Portuguese) by Diego Fernandez. *Lisbon*, 1604, and the fifth and sixth parts (in Portuguese) by B. G. Lobato. *Lisbon*, 1604. In Italian, *Venice*, 1555. In French, *Paris*, 1574. In English, by Anthony Munday, 1616–1630, 2 parts B. L. By Southey, 1807, who has prefixed an account of various other editions.

Don Belianis, &c., by G. Fernandez. *Burgos*, 1579. In English, "translated out of Italian," *London*, 1703.

Historia del famoso Caballero Tirante el Blanco, &c., by M. J. Martorell. *Valladolid*, 1511. See the curious account of the copies in the Catalan dialect (1490). *Bib. Grenv.* vol. 2, pp. 734. In Italian, *Venice*, 1535. In French, translated by the Count de Caylus, 2 vols. 11 d; also in his "Œuvres Badines," vol. 1 and 2, *Paris*, 1767.

Diana de Jorge Montemayor, *Valladolid*, 1562; *Lisbon*, 1565.

La Diana Segundo del Salmantino, by Alonzo Perez. *Alcala*, 1574. This is a third part by Hier Texeda, *Paris*, 1627.

Los diez libros del Fortuna de Amor, *Barcelona*, 1575.

Diana enamorada, by Gil Polo, *Valencia*, 1564; *Antwerp*, 1574.

El pastor de Iberia, by B. de la Vega, *Seville*, 1591.

Niñas de Henares, by B. G. Bobadilla, *Alcala*, 1587.

Descargos de Zelos, by B. Lopez de Enciso, *Madrid*, 1586.

Tesoro de Varias Poelias, by Pedro Padilla, *Madrid*, 1575.

El pastor de Filida, by L. Galvez de Montalvo, *Madrid*, 1582.

El Cancionero de Lopez Maldonado, *Madrid*, 1586.

La Galatea de M. Cervantes, *Madrid*, 1634; *Barcelona*, 1618.

La Araucana de Don Alonso de Ercilla, *Madrid*, 1569.

La Austriada de Juan Rufo, *Madrid*, 1584.

El Montserrat de Cristobal de Virues, *Madrid*, 1587–1601.

Las Lagrimas de Angelica, by L. B. de Soto, *Granada*, 1596.

La Carolea. There were two Poems with this title, one by G. Sampere, *Valencia*, 1560, the other by J. Ochoa de la Salde, *Lisbon*, 1585.

El Leon de Espana, by Pedro de la Vecilla Carbellanos, *Salamanca*, 1586.

A catalogue of the various editions of Don Quixote would be a suitable companion to this account, but we reserve it for some future number.

FOLLY OF TRYING TO MAKE EVERYTHING PLAIN.

—As regards also the excessive clearness of explanation, insisted upon nowadays as the only road to sureness of apprehension, it is unquestionably necessary that a child should, in common parlance, understand what it acquires. But this again must be taken with limitation; for Nature, not fond apparently of committing too much power into a teacher's hand, has decreed that unless a child be permitted to acquire beyond what it positively understands, its intellectual progress shall be slow, if any. As Sir Walter Scott says, in his beautiful preface to the *Tales of a Grandfather*, "There is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit in presenting a child with ideas beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion." We are so constituted that even at the maturest state of our minds—when length of experience has rendered the feeling of disappointment one almost unjustifiable in our own eyes—we find the sense of interest for a given object, and feeling of its beauty to precede far more than to follow the sense of comprehension—or, it were better said, the belief of fully comprehending;—but with children, who only live in anticipation, this is more conspicuously the case; in point of fact they delight most in what they do *not* comprehend. Those, therefore, who insist on keeping the sense of enjoyment rigidly back, till that of comprehension has been forcibly urged forward, who stipulate that the one shall not be indulged till the other be appeased—are in reality but retarding what they most affect to promote; only inducing a prostration, and not a development of

the mental powers. In short, a child thus circumstanced is submitting his understanding and not exerting it—a very deplorable exchange.

"The law of Nature," in Coleridge's words, "has irrevocably decreed that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself." Thus, to a vulgar apprehension, a child's mind will be apparently sailing away from its object, when in truth it is only following the devious current which securely leads to it. Of all the errors in education that of overmuch dependence upon teaching is most to be dreaded, because least to be rectified. On this account it is, that, even under the most judicious direction, regular series of lessons never do so much good as when a gap is left here and there for the mind's own operations. There is a self-development in what is involuntarily preferred and unconsciously chosen, which the regular habits of mechanical acquirement are indispensable to promote, but insufficient to attain; there is a wisdom gained to the mind in being left to know both what it can do for itself and what it needs from others, which a continuous form of instruction may assist, but can never impart; and those parents or teachers can know but little of the real nature of education, or of the being they have to educate, who hesitate to confess that, after all they may have taught him, the nicest art consists in knowing where to leave him to teach himself.—*London Quarterly*.

STRANGE CASE.—A very singular transaction took place last week, which terminated yesterday, as follows: On Saturday last, D. Burhanse, landlord at Young's Tavern, five miles from this city, missed from his trunk \$600 in specie and bank notes. He immediately commenced a search, and on Saturday evening, from some circumstances, supposed he had good reasons to suspect his ostler, and an adjoining neighbor and his wife, to be concerned in the theft. He had them arrested and put in jail on Saturday night.

On Sunday night, his own wife acknowledged that she purloined the money, when the husband immediately had two of the prisoners released on bail. Yesterday at 2 o'clock, the case came up for legal investigation, and the wife was brought on to the stand as a witness, when she swore that she herself took the money without the knowledge of "chick or child," and now had it in safe keeping. In answer to the question where the money was, she stoutly refused to tell. The Court decided she must—she decided she *mustn't*. The Court hinted at a commitment for contempt. She told them to go ahead—said she would go to jail—would lie there as long as they could support her there in those quarters—would *die* there, but never, *never* would she tell where the money was.

She claimed that the money was *her own*, and took it as such, and meant to *keep* it too; if anybody could help themselves, let them do it. She had fully exculpated the three accused, by shouldering it herself; and now *who was on trial?*—or was there anybody? She said she was "something of a lawyer," and she didn't think it very good law that a person should be obliged to tell everybody where their money was, for "they might," she said, "want to steal it." Lawyers looked blank—the Court wasn't "sure he was right;" the woman was perfectly resigned to her fate, whether it was the *jail* or otherwise—reiterating that she should keep the money *anyhow*; and the Court was obliged to dismiss the whole case, and all concerned.—*Detroit Adv.*, Dec. 7.

CASTILIAN ARMOR CAPTURED IN MEXICO.—The Correspondent of the New Orleans Delta writes, "I noticed in the office of Quartermaster Gleason, yesterday, several complete suits of mail, captured in the Castle of Chapultepec by Capt. Wheat, of the Tennessee Cavalry. The average weight is 20lbs. each, independent of the helmet, which weighs 6lbs. All the storehouses contain trophies, which should be sent to the States for exhibition."

Recent Publications.

Naomi; or, Boston Two Hundred Years Ago. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1848.

THIS little story of early times in the old Bay State, makes its appearance quite seasonably, considering the recent discussion about the comparative merits of our Puritan and Dutch ancestors. Mrs. Lee is favorably known by the interesting life of Jean Paul, which she prepared some two or three years since. Naomi recounts the persecution of the Quakers who, in some respects, appear to have merited severe treatment. The opening chapter of this book gives a picture of Boston two hundred years ago, which we quote, to give an idea of its style:—

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders; wide the wood recedes
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

"Let us ascend one of the many elevated spots in the vicinity of Boston; we look around upon a beautiful panorama of protecting hills, now dotted with sheltered and cultivated farms,—garden farms, like that of Eden; then gaze a moment upon the continued chain of towns that have not yet lost the white gloss of newness, and that, like a shining silver fringe, encircle the skirts of the hills. Then, as the eye rests upon the modest towers where science and learning dwell, or is lifted to the iron walls where Christian love ministers to the broken spirit (however much we may wish the several positions reversed,—that the torch of science were lighted upon the hill-tops, and the darkened mind and broken spirit sheltered in the valley), the soul is yet filled with gratitude. We feel the throbbing of the air and the trembling of the ground as the frequent engine shoots arrowy by, leaving its long trail of smoke, and the sharp vibration of its whistle on the ear. With an effort, we recollect that scarcely two centuries ago this varied picture was all one unbroken forest,—in the language of the time, 'a howling wilderness,' all but a few little scattered specks, where the smoke of human habitations rose in the twilight air; and we feel awed by the power of the giant Time, who, as he has trodden lightly or heavily over the two centuries, has wrought these changes, and left these marks of his footsteps.

"At the period when the incidents that fill the following pages occurred, Boston had been settled just thirty years. At the point of the peninsula, in the crescent between its two protecting hills, nestled the little prosperous town, sheltered on the north by its beautiful green eminence, with its undulating line of summit, that gave it the name of Trimountain; while, separated by the expanding mouth of the royal Charles, the twin town of Winnisimmet, beautifully planted on the opposite heights, was seen clinging to the hill-side.

"Thirty years had passed since the arrival of Winthrop and his company. Although they surmounted undreamed-of hardships, almost miraculous prosperity had attended their pious enterprise. Both Copp's and Fort hills were now well fortified; the former being well mounted with heavy artillery, the latter protected by a strong battery made of the giant trees of the ready forest. Upon the third, the green eminence already mentioned, was placed a beacon, ready to be lighted at the approach of danger. The little settlement, sheltered in the lap of these three hills, had already assumed the appearance of a considerable and very active and enterprising town. It is true that no steeple yet rose above, pointing the thoughts heavenward, but many goodly houses had been built. The streets within the crescent formed by the two projecting eminences were narrow and winding, laid out apparently as convenience dictated paths to the first settlers; but beyond, towards Beacon hill and the isthmus, or Neck, 'were many beautiful squares for gardens and orchards, with large and spacious houses, some fairly set

forth with brick, tile, slate, and stone, and orderly placed, whose continual enlargement,' saith Johnson, 'presageth some sumptuous city. And these streets were full of boys and girls sporting up and down, with a continual course of people.'"

One generation of the emigrants had passed away, and slept, not with their fathers in consecrated tombs beneath cathedral domes, nor in green, sheltered grave-yards under Gothic spires that spread their ivy tracery to woo the breezes of England, but in honored graves, beneath the virgin sod, or lulled by ocean waves upon a rocky bed. The honored Winthrop, the Puritan saint, Cotton, the humble-minded Shepherd of Cambridge, the strong-hearted Hooker, had all passed away,—they and those noble women, their wives,—and had carried with them much that had formed the peculiar character, the grace, and charm, of the first colonization of Boston Bay. These first settlers brought with them the genial influences, the refining culture, of a high state of civilization. The next generation were sterner and harsher men. They were the sons, born or educated in this less genial soil, of those men who had grown and ripened in England before they set foot upon it, and they partook, perhaps, of the rougher and colder climate. The snow of their exterior, hiding the beautiful vegetation of Christian love, was deeper than that of their fathers, and the rock required repeated strokes to bring forth the sparkling waters of refreshing grace.

The children of the first settlers, the first generation born upon the soil of New England, grew up in the absence of all those beautiful, humanizing, and softening influences that belonged to the mother land. Their first experience of life was a sombre and cold climate, a hard, rocky, and sterile soil. The wealth brought by their fathers had been expended in providing the first means of living, the necessary wants of that first colonization; and, although they began immediately again to accumulate riches with the aid of a most prosperous commerce, the first generation experienced from infancy many hardships, and acquired a character of stern resistance, an intrepid boldness and unwearied perseverance in contending with outward circumstances. They grew up, also, in the absence of all those influences that fill the mind with the sentiment of loyalty, perhaps the most graceful of all sentiments, as it gives dignity to the humility with which we regard the object of our loyal affection. Reverence for God, reverence for law, took the place of the sentiment of loyalty. Here was no court, no monarch, no pageantry of rank or power, no imposing church nor bishop; and, as a boy advanced into manhood, there was nothing above him but the broad heavens, nothing around him but law and order, to which his proud spirit must bend and subject itself.

"The genial influences of antiquity, also, were lost to the second race born in New England, as they have been for all succeeding generations here. The venerable cathedral, the old grey abbey, the mouldering monuments, the consecrated churchyards, the old stone cross guarding the consecrated spring or fountain,—all these ancient symbols, all that way-side poetry of life that met the wanderer at every step in England, were wholly lost here. Only the grand and ever-eloquent features of nature could here speak to the soul. The immensity of the ocean, and the savage solitudes of the forest,—they gave a stern elevation to the character; but none of those graceful wreaths and tendrils of what is symbolical and poetical in antiquity, and in life adorned the stern Puritanism of the New England character.

"England, too, at this time deserved the epithet of 'Merry England.' Fairs, merry-makings, games, and sports were constantly recurring in the mother land. The old maskings, the Christmas games, the thousand quaint devices and amusements of fairs, the harvest-home, the May-

pole and festival, Punch and Judy, the Merry-Andrew—all were cut off from the youthful mind in this country. Life was stripped at once, as with an iron hand, of all gayety, as we see the gay, flowering weeds of a summer morning cut down with one swoop of the scythe. All these circumstances, and many others which I cannot mention, account for that remarkable modification which took place in the character of the second generation, or rather in the first born upon the soil, and that has transmitted its deep coloring to their descendants in New England to the present day. They account for the added austerity and bigotry of that and the next generation; and the consideration of all these genial influences, at once stripped away, should mitigate the severity of our judgment when we look upon their narrow views, their severity towards those who differed from them, and their apparent cruelty to the Quakers. Life, as we have seen, was robbed at once for them of the softening influences of antiquity, of the sentiment of loyalty and reverence of those of higher rank, of the genial effects of gayety and social amusements, and of all the beautiful poetry of existence spread like wild-flowers upon the rough granite of life; and what did they receive as a compensation? They were the chosen people, the favorites of the Most High. They had been led into the wilderness by the Almighty, to do and to suffer for a peculiar work, a most holy purpose,—to preserve the true faith once delivered to the saints, and to found a church perfect in doctrine and in practice. They, like the Jews of old, were to be a peculiar, a chosen people. The cloud and the pillar of fire were to guard them by day and by night. Not civil, but religious bondage was the result. They had suffered the hardships, they had borne the heat and burden of the day, to earn the privilege of sitting down at evening, under the shadow of their own vine and their own fig tree, to worship God in their own way, to have the Most High draw near and to sit down in intimate communion with Him. Thus all who disturbed their worship were aliens and enemies to be thrust out from among them; heathen, to whom the whole country was wide enough, but from whose incursions their own little inclosure was shut and barred."

Heads and Tales of Travellers and Traveling. By E. L. Blanchard. New York: Appletons.

A WITTY brochure of the same description as the *Natural History of the Gent*. Like it, full of acute observation and epigrammatic smartness. The above is by one of the contributors to *Punch*, that famous contemporary satirical history, and is in the true cockney vein. It is full of clever hits, yet with a smack of snobbishness, especially in some of the illustrations, that appears to be the besetting sin of the modern English town wits. You find nothing of the kind in Addison or Steele, for the reason of their refined delicacy; a quality apparently extinct with the present race of satirists.

The title is a pun to commence with, and the style of much of the book is somewhat of the slang order. The varieties of travellers is a chapter out of Sterne, inferior to the original.

After all it is hardly fair to criticise a thing of this character, seriously. It is a lively pocket vade mecum, for a stroll or a trip, when you want a filip to the blues, of a rainy day, at an inn, in the country.

The subjects for caricature are as abundant here in New York, as they can be at London, allowing for the obvious difference; and, indeed, the truth of the remarks can be applied with as much point and force, here under our eyes, as thousands of miles across the water, in another hemisphere.

Chapman's American Drawing-Book. Part II. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1847.

ON the appearance of the first number of this beautiful work, we warmly commended the manner in which the art of drawing was inculcated and illustrated by the author. The present

* Johnson's description of Boston in 1837.

number is even superior. We have never seen a wood-cut equal to the head of Washington here given. It has both the massiveness and the soft effect of an oil painting. The student is carried on in the principles of the art by easy gradations, and every step is made clear by intelligent directions and exquisite sketches. The publisher deserves great credit for the elegant typography and careful execution of a work which will undoubtedly become a standard authority in this branch of American education.

Tracing a Science, the Teacher an Artist. By Rev. Baynard R. Hall, A.M. pp. 305, 12mo. Baker & Scribner.

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Glimpses of the Wonderful. Third Series. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

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The Little Republic. Original Articles, by Various Hands. Edited by Mrs. T. P. Smith. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1848.

THE form of this book indicates that it is intended for children, but a considerable part of its contents would interest adults. Elihu Burritt's essay is full of characteristic sense, and has never been published before. Other articles from distinguished writers give variety to the volume, which is very tastefully printed, and will doubtless prove a favorite gift-book at the approaching holiday season.

Greek Testament with English Notes. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A.M. Harper & Brothers: New York.

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The New Miscellany for Girls and Boys. Nos. 1 and 2, for October and November. Edited by Miss Cornelia L. Tuthill. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

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Midsummer Eve; a Fairy Tale of Love. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. New York: Harpers.

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